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For M A Y, 1795.

The Poetical Works of John Milton. With a Life of the Author, by William Hayley. Vol. I. Folio. 4l. 4s. Boards. Boydells. 1794.

To do justice to the character of our immortal bard, his biographer must be animated in a great degree with the same spirit. In contemplating genius bursting forth in youth, directed by judgment through manhood, guarded by inflexible integrity in every period of life, and shining with meridian splendour through the chequered clouds, which opposed its declining beams, the writer must be lost in the grandeur of the objects presented to his imagination. He will, like his great original, spurn the prejudices of the times in which he lives: equally immovable by the praise or censure of contending parties, he will be anxious only to represent his hero in glowing, yet in true colours: in describing his moral worth, if he might seem to common minds to exceed the bounds of just description, he will not forget that his hero was a man, and that some failings might attach to his memory: he will distinguish well between the error of genius, and the age which gave it birth: the exalted features of goodness and virtue will be so prominent, that the very enemies of the party, which Milton espoused, will forget their political resentment, and be constrained to love him, who before was only the object of their admiration. To accomplish a task like this, must exceed the powers of common writers, and, if superior talents should be employed, there may be many circumstances to mar their work: we need not therefore be surprised if Milton should have been hitherto described with a coldness of imagination, or a virulence of prejudice, which must equally disgust every reader.

If talents only had been requisite, by whom could Milton's character have been better delineated than by a late celebrated moral writer? Yet perhaps there cannot be formed a greater contrast both in body and mind, between two persons of equal note, than between Johnson and Milton. Milton, among the finest forms to which this country is supposed to give birth,

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shone pre-eminent: Johnson was a huge colossus, bordering on deformity. Milton's republican spirit was tempered by the polished manners of Italy, equally removed from the levity of France, and the rusticity of its northern neighbours: Johnson was a German boor, inattentive to decorum, and regardless of the feelings, which the insolence of his conversation too often excited. Milton was of too active a mind to give up many hours to sleep; and, careless of his diet, was never overpowered by any species of intemperance: the strength of Johnson's constitution preserved him frequently from drunkenness, but he was with difficulty roused from the bed of sloth, and in his diet was a glutton. Milton was accustomed to the company and correspondence of the great, yet never lost his affability with his equals or inferiors: Johnson's mind was elevated by a slight mark of distinction from superior rank, and he delighted in being the king of inferior wits, and the dictator of booksellers. Milton delighted in retirement, his mind was filled with the ideal forms of virtue and transcendent excellence, and his leisure moments were employed in the perusal of the best works of ancient and later times: Johnson refused not the lower frolics of the midnight hour, aimed at the character of a scholar, but was content with cursory glances and multifarious reading; and if his compositions in one of the learned languages are above mediocrity, the depth of his knowledge in the other is very problematical. The piety of Milton, tinged indeed with the fanaticism of the times, was cheerful, animated, and apparent in all his works: Johnson's religion was of a morose and melancholy cast, did not enable him to overcome the repinings, which might be excusable in an inferior mind, and he lived and died too much of a bigot. Milton was a republican, yet, so far from detesting kings, was happy in bestowing applause on those, who had been the benefactors of mankind: Johnson was as narrow-minded in his politics as in his religion, and could not restrain the impetuosity of his resentment against any one, who differed from him in either of these respects. Milton's genius burst every shackle, which the harshness of the language, and the spirit of the times, had forged: instead of adding to the improvement of style in modern times, Johnson professed to delight in cloathing a common sentiment in the splendour of words, and in building his fame on an inflated diction.

From a character thus opposed to Milton's, what could be otherwise expected, than what every true friend of genius has lamented to see in the biography of the English Poets? and the writer of the life before us is very sensible of the difficulties, to which he has been subjected by the pre-possession of the public mind, in the numberless misrepresentations of Johnson.

Johnson. He laments, that the necessity of correcting much asperity against the first of poets by so distinguished a moralist, has 'frequently obliged him to speak rather in the tone of an advocate than of a common biographer.' We lament with the writer, that there should have been this occasion given; and yet he appears to us to have attributed more to the name of Johnson than was requisite, and thus to have spread a tame-ness over his composition, which might have been easily avoided. Mr. Hayley seems to have forgotten, that the character of Milton has been already vindicated from the illiberal aspersions of Johnson, and that the remarks of archdeacon Blackburne, in the Memoirs of Hollis, afterwards republished in a smaller form, might have saved him the trouble of engaging in so much controversy. He moves evidently with fear, is cautious of offending the partisans of Johnson, and introduces generally his remarks by some compliment to the great moralist. That he answers properly the aspersions on Milton, we allow; yet we wish that the splendour of this work had permitted the insertion of a few notes, to which the controversy might have been confined, and thus the reader have been left at liberty to enjoy without interruption the banquet, that would then have been prepared for him by this biographer.

Our attention is first carried off from Milton to this controversy, by Johnson's remark on the superiority of some others to our poet in their early compositions. Upon which our author observes, that

' This is the first of many remarks replete with detraction, in which an illustrious author has indulged his spleen against Milton in a life of the poet, where an ill-subdued propensity to censure is ever combating with a necessity to commend. The partizans of the powerful critic, from a natural partiality to their departed master, affect to consider his malignity as existing only in the prejudices of those who endeavour to counteract his injustice. A biographer of Milton ought therefore to regard it as his indispensable duty, to show how far this malignity is diffused through a long series of observations, which affect the reputation both of the poet and the man; a duty that must be painful, in proportion to the sincerity of our esteem for literary genius; since, different as they were in their principles, their manners, and their writings, both the poet and his critical biographer are assuredly entitled to the praise of exalted genius: perhaps in the republic of letters, there never existed two writers more deservedly distinguished, not only for the energy of their mental faculties, but for a generous and devout desire to benefit mankind by their exertion. Yet it must be lamented (and by the lovers of Milton in particular) that a moralist, who has given us in the Rambler, such sublime lessons for the discipline of the heart and mind, should be unable to preserve his own from that acrimonious spirit of

detraction, which led him to deprecate, to the utmost of his power, the rare abilities, and perhaps the still rarer integrity of Milton. It may be said, that the truly eloquent and splendid encomium, which he has bestowed on the great work of the poet, ought to exempt him from such a charge. The singular force and beauty of that encomium shall be mentioned in the proper place, and with all the applause they merit; but here it is just to recollect, that the praise of the encomiast is nearly confined to the sentence he passes as a critic; his more diffusive detraction may be traced in almost every page of the biographer; not to encounter it on its first appearance, and wherever it is visible and important, would be to fail in that justice and regard towards the character of Milton, which he perhaps of all men has most eminently deserved.' p. x.

The idle story of Milton's having suffered corporal punishment at college, brings Johnson again in view, and our author alleging, that the lines quoted as a proof upon this occasion 'may suggest a very different idea,' thinks it 'most probable, that Milton was threatened indeed with what he considered as unmerited and dishonourable punishment, that his manly spirit disdained to submit to it, and he was therefore obliged to acquiesce in a short exile from college.' The arguments already before the public convince us, that the story was hardly worth repeating; and we cannot reconcile the line, 'Nec dudum vetiti me laris angit amor,' with the notion of a short exile or rustication. As many different ideas from rustication or corporal punishment may be couched under the lines quoted, we are inclined to agree rather with the archdeacon, that the impositions, prescribed oftentimes in college as punishments, did not suit his genius, and that he refers to them, and the common routine of college discipline, rather than to any higher punishment.

We do not think it necessary to follow our author in every reply to the malignity of Johnson's criticisms and observations: we shall observe only, that nothing seems to have escaped him, and that his remarks are made with judgment and feeling, and are such as might be expected from the well-deserved fame of the writer. Yet we cannot close this subject without transcribing some general remarks, which do credit to our author's pen.

' There can hardly be any contemplation more painful than to dwell on the virulent excesses of eminent and good men; yet the utility of such contemplation may be equal to its pain. What mildness and candour should it not instil into ordinary mortals, to observe that even genius and virtue weaken their title to respect, in proportion as they recede from that evangelical charity, which should influence every man in his judgment of another.

‘ The strength and the acuteness of sensation, which partly constitute genius, have a great tendency to produce virulence, if the mind is not perpetually on its guard against that subtle, insinuating, and corrosive passion, hatred against all whose opinions are opposite to our own. Johnson professed in one of his letters to love a good hater, and in the Latin correspondence of Milton, there are words that imply a similarity of sentiment; they both thought there might be a sanctified bitterness, to use an expression of Milton, towards political and religious opponents. Yet surely these two devout men were both wrong, and both in some degree unchristian in this principle. To what singular iniquities of judgment such a principle may lead, we might perhaps have had a most striking and a double proof, had it been possible for these two energetic writers to exhibit alternately a portrait of each other. Milton, adorned with every graceful endowment, highly and holily accomplished as he was, appears, in the dark colouring of Johnson, a most unamiable being; but could he revisit earth in his mortal character, with a wish to retaliate, what a picture might be drawn by that sublime and offended genius, of the great moralist who has treated him with such excess of asperity! The passions are powerful colourists, and marvellous adepts in the art of exaggeration; but the portraits executed by love (famous as he is for overcharging them) are infinitely more faithful to nature, than gloomy sketches from the heavy hand of hatred; a passion not to be trusted or indulged, even in minds of the highest purity and power; since hatred, though it may enter the field of contest under the banners of justice, yet generously becomes so blind and outrageous from the heat of contention, as to execute, in the name of virtue, the worst purposes of vice. Hence arises that species of calumny the most to be regretted, the calumny lavished by men of talents and worth on their equals or their superiors, whom they have rashly and blindly hated for a difference of opinion. To such hatred the fervid and opposite characters, who gave rise to this observation, were both more inclined perhaps by nature, and by habit, than Christianity can allow. The freedom of these remarks on two very great and equally devout, though different writers, may possibly offend the partizans of both. In that case my consolation will be, that I have endeavoured to speak of them with that temperate though undaunted sincerity, which may satisfy the spirit of each in a purer state of existence.’ p. cxxiv.

To give an interest to the life of Milton, which it has not hitherto received, the mode adopted by the marquis of Villa in his Life of Tasso, and by the abbé de Sade and Mr. Mason in their Lives of Petrarch and Gray, is properly recommended in the Preface, as capable of being tried on Milton with the happiest effect; and our author has availed himself of this mode, by weaving into his narrative selections of verse and prose, which make Milton his own biographer, and afford to the reader

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er the highest species of entertainment. In telling us that the translations of Latin and Italian poetry came from the pen of Mr. Cowper, our author takes occasion to compliment a name, which we hold in the highest respect, and, on that account, may be permitted to question the propriety of calling the attention of the reader to a living writer. Thus Mr. Hayley informs us, that he is indebted to Milton for a friendship, which he regards as honourable in the highest degree, and begs to be indulged in the hope of leaving a lasting memorial of it in these pages. He continues : ' A book devoted to the honour of Milton, may admit, I hope, without impropriety, the praises due to a living author, who is become his poetical interpreter ; an office, which the spirit of the divine bard may be gratified in his having assumed, for assuredly my friend bears no common resemblance to his most illustrious predecessor, not only in the energy and hallowed use of poetical talents, but in that beneficent fervour and purity of heart, which entitle the great poet to as large a portion of affectionate esteem, as he has long possessed of admiration.' We are unwilling to be drawn away thus from the great object on the canvas, and we mention it here, because the same thing occurs in different places. Thus, to prove the musical talents of Milton's father, Dr. Burney is brought forward to bear testimony under the title of ' the accomplished historian of that captivating art.' In another place, Dr. Warton is called ' that animated and benevolent veteran of criticism.' Lord Monboddo is ' a Scottish critic of great eminence ; ' and in another place the writer descends to a more familiar style, and talks of ' some very spirited but injudicious verses by poor Nat Lee.' We can excuse him for informing us, that Romney, the artist, is his friend, as this work is to be indebted to him for a production of his pencil ; and in another place, we might not blame some severity on Warburton, who is called ' that disgusting writer, whose critical dictates form a fantastic medley of arrogance, acuteness, and absurdity.' Yet we must remind our author, that, on setting out, he assured us, that ' the great aim of the subsequent account is to exhibit a full and just idea of Milton as a poet and a man,' and that his end is in a great degree frustrated, when the friendships or enmities of the author are continually interrupting our view of his picture.

This narrative is divided into three parts ; in the first is a concise account of Milton's family ; and the chief events, that are recorded of him to the middle stage of life, are faithfully and amply delineated. The remarks of our author on this period will, we are assured, be gratifying to our readers.

‘ We have now attended him to the middle stage of his life ; at which

afflicted with partial but increasing blindness, and in six he had been utterly blind.

‘ His exertions in this portion of his life have exposed him to infinite obloquy ; but his generous and enlightened country, though peculiarly inclined at present to discountenance the political principles of Milton, will remember, with becoming equity and pride, that the sublimest of her poets, though deceived, as he certainly was, by extraordinary pretenders to public virtue, and subject to great illusion in his ideas of government, is entitled to the first of encomiums, the praise of being truly an honest man ; since it was assuredly his constant aim to be the steady, disinterested adherent and encomiast of truth and justice : hence we find him continually displaying those internal blessings, which have been happily called the “ clear witnesses of a benign nature, an innocent conscience, and a satisfied understanding.”

‘ Such is the imperfection of human existence, that mistaken notions and principles are perfectly compatible with elevation, integrity, and satisfaction of mind. The writer must be a slave of prejudice, or a sycophant of power, who would represent Milton as deficient in any of these noble endowments. Even Addison seems to lose his rare Christian candour, and Hume his philosophical precision, when these two celebrated, though very different authors, speak harshly of Milton’s political character, without paying a due acknowledgment to the rectitude of his heart.

‘ I trust the probity of a very ardent but uncorrupted enthusiast is, in some measure, vindicated in the course of these pages ; happy if they promote the completion of his own manly wish, to be perfectly known ; if they impress a just and candid estimate of his merits and mistakes on the temperate mind of his country.’ p. lxxxvi.

The last period of his life was embittered with calamity : and a passage from a chorus in the *Samson Agonistes* is properly quoted, as alluding to his own sufferings, and those of his party. The lot of Milton, we are told, had a remarkable coincidence with that of Samson, in three points, “ 1st, (but we should regard this as the most inconsiderable article of resemblance) he had been tormented by a beautiful, but disaffectionate and disobedient wife : 2ndly, he had been the great champion of his country, and as such, the idol of public admiration : lastly, he had fallen from that height of unrivalled glory, and had experienced the most humiliating reverse of fortune,

His foes’ derision, captive, poor, and blind.”

The imputations, thrown out against him by his enemies for moroseness in this period of life, are clearly shewn to have been without foundation : and if his first entrance into the marriage

marriage state was embittered by the conduct of his wife, and subsequent ill treatment from his daughters, we rejoice that he was happier in the two succeeding attempts: if we are indebted to the tranquillity of his connubial life, as our author supposes, we might join with him in his reflection, that 'if matrimony has annihilated many a literary design, let it be remembered to its honour, that it probably gave birth to the brightest offspring of literature.' The honour of matrimony needs not even this support: for, if we allow, that it may sometimes have destroyed a literary design, the projects of authors have suffered more from celibacy; and, if we consider the efforts of men, either in our own or former times, where celibacy has not been enjoined to some certain states, we shall find that the palm is due, not to solitary, but social life.

Many excellent reflections are made in this part on the character of Milton. We shall select a few.

'Enthusiasm (says our author) was the characteristic of his mind; in politics it made him sometimes too generously credulous, and sometimes too rigorously decisive; but in poetry it exalted him to such a degree of excellence as no man has hitherto surpassed; nor is it probable that in this province he will ever be excelled; for although in all the arts there are undoubtedly points of perfection much higher than any mortal has yet attained, still it requires such a coincidence of so many advantages, depending on the influence both of nature and of destiny, to raise a great artist of any kind, that the world has but little reason to expect productions of poetical genius superior to the *Paradise Lost*. There was a bold, yet refined, originality of conception which characterised the mental powers of Milton, and give him the highest claim to distinction: we are not only indebted to him for having extended and ennobled the province of epic poetry, but he has another title to our regard, as the founder of that recent and enchanting English art which has embellished our country, and, to speak the glowing language of a living bard very eloquent in its praise,

"Made Albion smile
One ample theatre of sylvan grace." p. cxviii.

His mode of life will surprise many of our readers.

'His studious habits are thus described by his acquaintance, Aubrey, and others, who collected their account from his widow: he rose at four in the summer, at five in the winter, and regularly began the day by hearing a chapter of the Hebrew bible; it was read to him by a man, who, after this duty, left him to meditation for some hours, and returning at seven, either read or wrote for him till twelve. He then allowed himself an hour for exercise, which was usually walking; and when he grew blind, the occasional resource of a swing: after an early and temperate dinner, he commonly allotted

lotted some time to music, his favourite amusement; and his own musical talents happily furnished him with a pleasing relaxation from his severer pursuits; he was able to vary his instrument, as he played both on the bass-viol and the organ, with the advantage of an agreeable voice, which his father had probably taught him to cultivate in his youth.

‘ This regular custom of the great poet, to indulge himself in musical relaxation after food, has been recently praised as favourable to mental exertion (in producing all the good effects of sleep, and none of its disadvantages) by an illustrious scholar, who, like Milton, unites the passion and the talent of poetry, to habits of intense and diversified application. Sir William Jones, in the third volume of Asiatic Researches, has recommended, from his own experience, this practice of Milton; who from music returned to study; at eight he took a light supper, and at nine retired to bed.’ p. cxx.

His religious affections will be pleasing to every Christian.

‘ There is one characteristic in Milton, which ought to be considered as the chief source and support of his talents, his happiness, and his fame; I mean his early and perpetual attachment to religion. It must gratify every Christian to reflect, that the man of our country most eminent for energy of mind, for intenseness of application, and for frankness and intrepidity in asserting whatever he believed to be the cause of truth, was so confirmedly devoted to Christianity, that he seems to have made the Bible not only the rule of his conduct, but the prime director of his genius; his poetry flowed from the Scripture, as if his unparalleled poetical powers had been expressly given him by Heaven, for the purpose of imparting to religion such lustre, as the most splendid of human faculties could bestow. And, as in the *Paradise Lost*, the poet seems to emulate the sublimity of Moses and the Prophets, it appears to have been his wish, in the *Paradise Regain'd*, to copy the sweetness and simplicity of the milder Evangelists.’ p. cxxv.

We shall conclude our extracts with the comparison drawn between the moral and poetical character of Milton.

‘ There is a striking resemblance between the poetical and the moral character of Milton; they were both the result of the finest dispositions for the attainment of excellence that nature could bestow, and of all the advantages that ardour and perseverance in study and discipline could add, in a long course of years, to the beneficent prodigality of nature; even in infancy he discovered a passion for glory; in youth he was attached to temperance; and arriving at manhood, he formed the magnanimous design of building a lofty name upon the most solid and secure foundation:

“ He all his study bent
To worship God aright, and know his works
Not hid; nor those things last, that might preserve
Freedom and peace to men.”

wish to revisit the banks of the Cam. In another place, p, xxxiv, we have *poteris* for *poterit*, and *e* for *et*.

In a common work these errors of the press would not be of much consequence, and might be corrected in the list of errata; but in so splendid a page, they obtrude too much on the eye, and excite a suspicion of want of sufficient attention to the most important part of publication. We would not by any means insinuate, that this is the case in the present work: for as the generality of our readers are not likely to become purchasers of such costly publications, a very accurate investigation of the text would be in us rather a work of supererogation. Perhaps the editor would do well to cancel every page, in which an error is discovered, and to present the discoverer with a copy of the work for his pains.

The six first books of the *Paradise Lost* are contained in the remaining part of the volume. A slight account of Milton might have been given in half a dozen pages, sufficient as a preface to his poetical works, and then the whole of *Paradise Lost* would have made an elegant folio: but we do not see the propriety of encumbering a work of this kind with so long a preface, especially as the prose writings of Milton are not to make, and indeed could not with propriety be admitted to make, a part of so splendid an undertaking.

Prefix'd to each book is an engraving, the subject of which is taken from some scene in the book, considered as fit for the exertions of the artist. In the first, Satan and his friend Beelzebub are represented standing on 'the beach of the inflamed sea': but we cannot descry the immense shield described by the poet.

‘ The spear, to equal which, the tallest pine
Hewn on Norwegian hills, to be the mast
Of some great admiral, were but a wand,’

looks very much like a constable's staff; and we are terribly afraid that the drapery of both heroes should be singed, even by the small fire which the painter has thought sufficient for the infernal regions. For the second book, Sin is described as a most beautiful woman, just springing from the head of Satan. The idea of the poet was borrowed, and is bad: and if the first origin of a sinful thought in the angelic mind might be described poetically under such a figure, it becomes ludicrous when presented visibly before us. The figure of Sin is elegantly designed; but we cannot help smiling at poor Satan's uneasy sensations. The ascent of our Saviour into heaven is the design for the third book. He is represented above the clouds, with myriads of angels around him in the act of adoration,

ration, while light beams down from the residence of the Most High, and rays of glory emanate from Christ. Delicacy occasions a particular position of the right leg, which is very injurious to the design: and as the damned could have drapery, we see no reason why it should have been denied in this place. But, in fact, the subject is above the artist's power. Had he confined himself only to the ascent from the mount in Galilee, he might have exerted himself to advantage: but to enter into the heaven of heavens, and represent to mortal eyes ethereal glory, the subject, though frequently attempted by the most eminent artists, is a proof rather of their ambition than a knowledge of the art. Before the fourth book, Satan alarmed,

‘Collecting all his might, dilated stood,
Like Teneriffe or Atlas unremov'd;
His stature reach'd the sky, and on his crest
Sat horror plumed, nor wanted in his grasp
What seem'd both spear and shield.’

Here we have indeed the shield, and the constable's staff as before; but we see no horror on the crest, nor any troops of angels encompassing him around. He is a mighty maf, but does not appear like an archangel ruined. In the fifth book we are brought into the material world, and our first parents are represented in Paradise, Adam hanging over his beloved spouse enamoured; but we do not discover the trouble sufficiently of Eve in her sleep; and her figure in this discomposure does not appear to such advantage as that of Sin in starting from the head which gave it birth. We again leave this lower world in the sixth book, and the painter attempts to represent the poet's idea of God the Son, armed with thunder, pouring down vengeance on his enemies. It is in vain to waste criticism on a subject, in which the futility of the artist's attempt must be evident to the most untutored mind.

Upon the whole we may say, that the design of honouring the works of our first poet with the best ornaments from the arts, is worthy of the editors: they have exercised their part well, as far as relates to paper and type; we have noticed some incorrectnes in the pres; we think the narrative of the life might well have been spared; and the artist might have chosen better subjects for his painting.

A Dissertation upon the Philosophy of Light, Heat, and Fire.
In Seven Parts. By James Hutton, M. D. and F. R. S. E.
8vo. 6s. Boards. Cadell and Davies. 1794.

DR. Hutton informs us, that when he began this Dissertation, he had only in view to represent, to the Royal Society of Edinburgh, the importance of examining strictly those unex-

unexpected phenomena, which had occurred in the accurate experiments of M. de Saussure and M. Pictet: but that, in pursuing the subjects of heat and cold, that of fire, or the phenomena of burning bodies, naturally occurred, and he was thus led in the pursuit of one object to the examination of another. The experiments to which he alludes, relate to a striking fact, viz. that bodies heated far below the point of incandescence, or that at which they can be observed to emit light, eradiate a certain fluid, which, when received in a concave mirror, may be concentrated in the focus, so as to acquire a great power in exciting heat. This fluid was supposed by those philosophers to be no other than the matter of heat existing in a separate state, and which they suppose to be constantly eradiating from hotter into colder bodies. In considering these experiments, our author endeavours to distinguish light and heat from each other, and to mark what properly belongs to each. Light, he says, has no power to impart either fluidity or distension to bodies; and heat cannot be eradiated or move from bodies as light does, either by reflexion or transmission. He also insists that light, besides being composed of different species with respect to colour, contains also species which have different powers, or powers of very different intensities, both for the procuring of vision, and exciting heat in bodies; and that there is thus to be distinguished a species of light, which may be termed invisible, as having little or no power of giving vision, although it has a sensible effect in heating bodies. On these principles he reasons against the supposition of reflected heat as very unphilosophical, and attributes the concentrated influence of bodies heated below incandescence, not to an emanation of heat, but of that species of light which is, with respect to our organs, invisible.

‘A body, heated to the extreme of incandescence, gives out light in which the white or compound species prevails; but, as the intensity of the heat diminishes, the light gradually becomes of the red species. Therefore, according to our principles, a body, in proportion as it is heated intensely, radiates light which affects the sense more, and heats bodies less; whereas, in proportion as that heat of incandescence is diminished, light is eradiated which affects the sense of vision little, and heats bodies much.’ p. 42.

The following experiment of M. Pictet is supposed to favour our author’s hypothesis.

‘Here we have, in my opinion, no less than an *experimentum crucis*; for, if we shall find the affections of light and heat for bodies as distinctly different as are their laws of motion, and that the affection of this irradiated influence is that of light, then this invisible

sible substance, moving according to the laws of light, and having its elective affections similar, could not in reason be misunderstood, but must be considered, in relation at least to bodies, as light, although in relation to our sense it may be invisible. But such is the power of a systematic prepossession, that M. Pictet, who has made this *experimentum crucis* with great precision, has entirely overlooked the important conclusion of this argument. I shall now give a view of that experiment.

'In repeating M. de Saussure's experiment, M. Pictet conceived the design of trying what effect the colour of bodies might have, when exposed to that influence which he considered as irradiated heat. For this purpose, he shaded the bulb of the thermometer to be placed in the converging focus of the experiment. He then found that the thermometer was heated sooner, and rose higher, by the concentrated influence, than when the bulb was bright.'

'Here is an evidence of the most convincing nature; for, while it homologates this irradiated substance or modification of matter with that of *light*, it also excludes it from being any species of heat. In order to see this, we have but to consider, that here is a thermometer coated with a substance which admits or absorbs light powerfully, but which transmits or conducts heat extremely ill, or slowly; consequently, exposed to the irradiated substance, the blackened thermometer should be affected more or heated sooner, if the irradiation from the warm body is light; whereas, if this irradiated influence is heat, the coated thermometer should be heated slower. Thus, the experiment is decisive; and the proposition is fully proved, if we have reasoned right.' p. 50.

M. Pictet made another experiment, seemingly with great accuracy, the result of which is at first view very astonishing. He employed two concave mirrors, placed at the distance of ten feet and an half, and in one of the foci placed a very sensible thermometer. In the other focus he then placed a matras containing ice, upon which the thermometer immediately sunk. This seemed to indicate the eradication of something like positive cold, and occasioned much speculation. M. Pictet, having unexpectedly found an apparent reflexion of cold, sets about reconciling this appearance with his theory of reflected heat. He proceeds upon the principle, that in a chamber where all the bodies are in an equilibrium of heat, there is no irradiation; but that as soon as there shall be introduced a body of a colder temperature, there will then be established an irradiation of heat, till the equilibrium be restored. In applying this principle, he considers the thermometer as the radiating or warm body, and the matras with snow the cold body, which is to receive the irradiated heat; and he conceives the mirrors to be the means by which the irradiated heat is conveyed from one body to the other. If a matras containing boiling water is substituted for

that

that containing snow, the thermometer rises; and this is a similar effect, except that the heat now passes in the opposite direction. Dr. Hutton objects to the explanation of M. Picet in the following manner:

‘First, he (M. Picet) supposes heat to be radiated from the warm in body the manner of light, a supposition which is contrary to the rule of the diffusion of heat, and the retention of that particular modification of the solar substance in bodies. Secondly; he must suppose the irradiated heat to be reflected from the surface of the first mirror; here again is an idea contrary to our experience; for, instead of being reflected from the metallic body, if it is heat, it should be most powerfully absorbed by it. Thirdly, the irradiated heat must pass by the cold body, be reflected again from the second mirror, and be concentrated in a focus; and these are suppositions directly opposite to all that we have learned with regard to the laws of heat.

‘But this is not all, for, this explanation, which M. Picet has given, requires another supposition to be made, a supposition analogous to what we have just now proposed with regard to the emission of invisible light: this is, that the cold of the one body, in the center of reception, shall be a condition for the emission of heat from the body in the center of eradication, when otherwise that body would have emitted none.’ p. 76.

The chief points in which Dr. Hutton’s explanation differs from that of M. Picet seem to be the following: First, that it is not heat but light which is eradicated. Secondly, that equality of temperature does not put a stop to eradication, which always proceeds in proportion to the degree of heat. Thirdly, that a thermometer placed in the focus of a concave mirror receives more than its share of the eradicated light, and that its temperature is consequently somewhat raised above that of surrounding objects. And fourthly, that by placing a matras of ice in the other focus, you lessen the supply of eradicated light to the thermometer, since from a cold body there is less eradication, and the thermometer consequently sinks till it acquires more nearly the common température of the chamber.

Our author, not discouraged by the bad success of other writers on the same side of the question, attempts to rescue the phlogistic doctrine from the neglect into which it seems to be rapidly falling. He admits, however, the experiments of M. Lavoisier, but thinks that at the same time that the base of vital air becomes fixed in the burning body, phlogiston, which he conceives to be the same as light or the solar substance, is emitted from it. With respect to his reasonings in favour of the phlogistic doctrine, however laboured, and sometimes ingenious, they do not appear to us by any means satisfactory. It is stated, however, on the authority of some experiments

made by Dr. Deimin and his coadjutors (*Recherches Physico-Chimiques*) that sulphur may be burned with some of the metals, without the presence of either vital or atmospheric air. Were this fact fully proved, we must admit that it would be a stumbling block in the way of the antiphlogistic philosophers, while it must bring back many deserters from the phlogistic standard. But as the experiments on which this assertion is founded are not detailed, we think it very fair to doubt of their accuracy.

The latter part of the work contains many curious observations, which we do not extract, as they would not appear to advantage when separated from the context. There prevails an air of abstruseness through the whole work; but this is perhaps almost inseparable from the abstract nature of the discussions into which the author has entered. We cannot help lamenting that Dr. Hutton has not prosecuted his inquiries by experiment, which he says it is his intention to do as soon as he can procure the necessary apparatus. In the mean time, we think that this work will afford many useful hints to those who are inclined to pursue this interesting subject on the experimental plan.

Tragœdiarum Delectus: Hercules Furens, Alcestis, Euripideæ: Trachiniae, Sophoclea, &c. in Scholarum Usum: Edidit et Illustravit Gilbertus Wakefield, A. B. 2 Vols. 8vo. 16s. Boards. Egerton. 1794.

WE do not think it necessary, in announcing the present volumes, to lay before the public any remarks on the merits of the three tragedians, Æschylus, Euripides, and Sophocles, on the labours of the commentators who have edited them, or on the ingenuity and learning of Mr. Wakefield, who has favoured us with the present publication: these would be hackneyed subjects to those readers to whom we address ourselves. All we shall attempt in the present article is to lay before our readers a plain account of what they are to expect in this *Tragœdiarum Delectus*; leaving ourselves at liberty to make such remarks, on a future opportunity, as may seem proper.

The first of these volumes contains three tragedies, two of which are taken from Euripides, the Hercules Furens, and the Alcestis; the other, the Trachinæ, from Sophocles. These tragedies comprehend the whole history of Hercules: and Mr. Wakefield tells us, that as his labours have been principally directed to the accommodation of youth, he has taken pains to select such plays as were less known in schools; hoping, at least, by this mean to claim the praise of novelty.

C. R. N. A. R. (XIV.) May, 1795.

C How-

18 *The Scholar armed against the Errors of the Time.*

However we determine concerning the person of Hercules, the history is the most popular, and the most interesting to youth, of any that is exhibited in the page of ancient story. In Diodorus Siculus, mention is made of three persons who bore this name; in Cicero, of six; and in other writers, we have so many persons under the name of Hercules, and so many exploits assigned to them, that we think it safe to say, the labours of all are united in the renowned son of Jupiter and Alcmena. The life, the exploits, the misfortunes, and tragical death of this fabulous hero, exercised the genius of some of the finest writers of antiquity, and gave birth to some of the most elegant productions of the tragic muse.

Mr. Wakefield tells us, that the *Hercules Furens* of Euripides ranks among the first productions of that distinguished tragedian, who, for his skill in exciting the tender passions, has been called the ‘*Bard of Pity*.’ This tragedy, however, is more calculated to excite emotions of *terror* than of *pity*.

The second tragedy in this volume is that of the *Alcestis*, which is more calculated to awaken the tender sensations, uniting fulness of eloquence, dignity of sentiment, and delicacy of passion.

The *Trachiniae* of Sophocles closes the volume, and affords the reader an opportunity of comparing together the merits of Euripides and Sophocles. The latter play Mr. Wakefield calls, *opus absolutissimum, et, meo saltem judicio, decus Cœtropiae cothurnæ.*

The second volume contains the *Ion* of Euripides, the *Philoctetes* of Sophocles, and the *Eumenides* of *Æschylus*. We have only to say, at present, that we think these volumes well suited to the use of public schools, and shall make a few remarks on them in a future Review.

(*To be continued.*)

The Scholar armed against the Errors of the Time. Or, a Collection of Tracts on the Principles and Evidences of Christianity, the Constitution of the Church, and the Authority of Civil Government. The whole intended for the Information and Assistance of Young Students in our Schools and Universities; and published by a Society for the Reformation of Principles. 2 Vols. 8vo. 12s. Boards. Rivingtons. 1795.

THE bishop of Llandaff published, a few years ago, a collection of tracts to assist the clergy, especially the younger students, in the acquisition of theological knowledge: and it must be allowed, that if in that collection one or two tracts might be superseded by some others of greater worth, the work, upon

Upon the whole, is calculated to render essential service to every one who wishes to be well-grounded in religious knowledge, and is highly creditable to the learned and respectable editor. The present collection is published by a Society for the Reformation of Principles, and has in view the counteracting of some erroneous principles, which are supposed to be daily gaining ground, on the nature of Christianity, the constitution of the church, and the authority of civil government. This society professes to be 'of no sect, but the sect of the Nazarenes, nor of any party but that of the church of England.' Obscurely as this is worded, we may collect the general principles of the society from the tracts which it has selected for publication.

In the first volume, are,

• Lord Bacon's Confession of Faith—Mr. Charles Leslie's Short and Easy Method with the Deists—His Letter on Creation—On Providence—On Revelation—On the Holy Trinity—On Differences among Christians—On the Doctrine of Satisfaction—On the Socinians—On the Church of Rome and the Dissenters—On the true Notion of the Church—Of an Universal Bishop—Of Infallibility in the Church—Of Episcopacy—An Infallible Demonstration of Episcopacy—His Discourse on the Qualifications necessary to administer the Sacraments—Dr. Ellis's Inquiry, Whence cometh Wisdom?—Mr. Willats on the Law of Nature—Leslie's Truth of Christianity demonstrated—Roger North, Esq. on the English Constitution—Dr. Horne on the Origin of Civil Government—Mr. William Law's First Letter to the Bishop of Bangor (Dr. Benjamin Hoadley)—His Second Letter—His Third Letter.'

In the second volume, are,

• An Essay on the Nature and Constitution of the Church of Christ—A Short View of the Argument between the Dissenters and the Church of England—Mr. Norris's Account of Reason and Faith—A Preservative against the Publications of modern Socinians—The Catholic Doctrine of the Trinity—A Letter to the Common People, answering the popular Argument against the Trinity—Reflections on the Growth of Heathenism.

• Small Pieces from the Posthumous Papers of the late Bishop Horne.

• An Abridgment of the *Aurifodina* of Drexelius—A Short Account of Bishop Andrews—An Index to the Matter of Divinity—Directions for extracting and properly applying the Matter of a Text of Scripture—On the Origin, Temper, Ill Effects, and Cure, of Enthusiasm—On Schism, according to the Scripture—Controversy, Directions for the Conduct of it—Voltaire dissected—Evil-speaking, Hints to the Learned about it—Mr. Locke, Considerations on his Scheme of an Original Compact—Bishop Jeremy Taylor's Moral

ral Demonstration of Christianity—Leslie's Short Method with the Jews.'

The slightest comparison of the contents of this collection with that of the learned bishop above-mentioned, must convince us, that the present cannot be considered as a good supplement to the former. The subjects, comparatively speaking, are of much less importance ; and as they were selected, we fear, with less desire to promote universal benevolence among the various sects of Christians ; to smooth the asperities which prevail amongst them ; to call to their recollection that they are all under one common master, Jesus Christ ; than to encourage a spirit of controversy, which, however respected in the last, and beginning of the present century, is not likely to be very interesting in these days ; so, we presume, that the scholar will think the panoply recommended by St. Paul, a much better defence against the wits of modern times, and will require to be instructed rather in the writings of the Old and New Testament, than in the dogmas of ancient councils and fathers. The society, indeed, informs us, that it does not ' make itself responsible for every sentence or page of the work it recommends ; ' and in this it acts right : for otherwise, notwithstanding its pretensions in the Preface and Proposals, we should have continual grounds for doubting its orthodoxy, at one time being in danger of falling into the doctrines of Swedenborg, at another, feeling ourselves entangled in the nets of Romish sophistry, and gradually sliding into the bosom of the falsely called universal church. Thus, in paying due homage to the abilities of a Bacon, we cannot think his creed in every respect a guide for Christians, and we shall find no small difficulty in reconciling it with the words of the Athanasian, Nicene, or Apostles' symbols of faith : the arguments also for the succession of bishops are hardly required in the church of England, as it is equally regardless of the sneers of the Catholics, or the misapprehensions of those who have embraced the Presbyterian form of government. To bring a verse in Isaiah to prove that bishops and deacons, in the modern acceptation of these words, were meant by the word prophet, shews an ignorance of the Hebrew language, which, however pardonable it might be in the author of St. Clement's letter to the Corinthians, ought not to have been admitted without a comment by the editors of this collection.

The endeavour to deprecate the merits of bishop Hoadley will not be applauded by many of our readers, who reverence his memory : nor can it be allowed by any means, that he should be represented as one who stood forth as the patron and champion of the sectaries and Socinians. The society seems unacquainted with the nature of the Bangorian controversy ;

verfy; and whatever may be the attempts of sectaries under the name of Socinians or Unitarians in the present days, they were hardly known when the bishop stood forth as the champion of the constitution, and the zealous defender of the Hanoverian succession.

The society laments too, that, by the artifices of sectaries, republicans, Socinians, and infidels, the press is in a great degree monopolised: and very strong complaints are made against the Monthly Review, as if formed upon the unjust principle of defaming all works, written in defence of the doctrines and discipline of the church of England. It is not our part to enter into an inquiry on the merits of our brother Reviewers, nor should we think ourselves justified in derogating from the learning, abilities, and impartiality, ascribed by this society to the British Critic: but we cannot think, that this attack upon one publication, with the intention of raising the credit of another, will be viewed by the public in a favourable light, whose approbation or disapprobation of these Reviews will, after a short time, better determine their respective merits, than the applause or censure of an unknown party. The monopoly of the press by republicans, &c. is a mere chimera, for the press is open to all: and, if the sectaries are zealous, it becomes their opponents to shew equal zeal; and the number of readers on each side will, without doubt, be proportionable to the merits of their respective champions.

We cannot avoid the insertion of a note, from which the reader will see the tendency of this publication with respect to government.

‘ If a father have promised for his son, that he shall obey the law of God, we are sure that son can never be released from the obligation by any authority of his own. For the moral government of God is as wide as the world; and where the laws of God are known, every man is born subject to them: and he will be judged by those laws at last. Every civil government is erected in aid to this moral government of God; and thus the peace and security of the world is preserved, though the value of government to mankind be sometimes not known till it is lost; as men do not know the blessing of health till they have been sick. Authors argue about government, without remembering that they are under revelation. This has been the occasion of all our disputes: and we have seen from an event universally known, that when the principles which human philosophy has invented are realized, and brought to effect, they are found to have so little religion in them, that it is doubted whether they will consist with the being of a God.

‘ It seems to have been the design of all Mr. Locke’s arguments,

not to obtain from history and reason the true original of government, nor to teach us how and why it is to be maintained in the world; but, in a supposed state of nature, the power of the populace, and the obligation of an imaginary compact, to lay a plausible foundation for insurrections and dissolutions. For this purpose, his principles were taken up and circulated. Price and Priestley wrote for them; and all their followers defend them. In the beginning of the present revolution in France, one of their friends, who visited them from England, reported of them in a newspaper, that they were wonderfully enlightened, and talked like men who had read Locke. It is probable they might; though Locke was transmitted to their reading through the writings of Voltaire. If what they have acted, hath been in consequence of what they had read, then is the merit of Mr. Locke's principles brought to an issue, which is very short, and level to every capacity: "By their fruits ye shall know them." Vol. ii. p. 351.

Surely the obligation of a son to obey the law of God cannot be derived merely from the promise of a father: it is grounded upon higher motives; and if the father had promised the contrary, the editor would hardly have considered the son as bound to live in obedience to the powers of darkness. We are shocked too in perceiving, that the principles of Locke should be brought to an issue on the infatuated conduct of a neighbouring nation: for, first, it is not probable that his works were the ground of their conduct: and secondly, he who was the strenuous defender of the revolution by which our liberty was secured, and which paved the way for the ascent of the present family to the throne, neither countenanced by his conduct nor his writings the anarchy and tyranny, that have followed the destruction of the French monarchy.

Upon the whole, in giving credit to this society for the goodness of its intentions, we must not, through fear of its censures, forget our duty to the public: and we must say, that a much better collection might have been formed for the benefit of the scholar, who, we apprehend, will not easily bring himself to put on an armour, which, however well it might have been adapted for the warfare of former times, is little calculated to resist the artillery now brought into the field. We shall take upon ourselves to recommend to the society the tracts of the bishop of Llandaff, to which a supplement under its auspices, judiciously selected, might be of material service to the public.

An Account of the Bilious Remitting Yellow Fever, as it appeared in the City of Philadelphia, in the Year 1793. By Benjamin Rush, M. D. Professor of the Institutes, and of Clinical Medicine, in the University of Pennsylvania. 8vo. 6s. Boards. Dilly, 1794.

DR. Rush apologises for the imperfection of his work, as it was 'hastily copied from his notes, amidst frequent professional interruptions.' If we find it imperfect as a whole, inaccurate in its pathological views, crude and undigested in the general train of the narrative and the explanations, we must with the same freedom praise the accuracy, the fidelity of the observations: and to observe with care in the midst of pestilence, with a mind enfeebled by the prospects of death around, by the baleful air which was almost equally fatal from whatever region it came, requires no little exertion. From the facts before us we shall endeavour to give a general, and, we trust, a more correct view of the disorder than Dr. Rush seems to have entertained, premising, in a very concise, comprehensive manner, the outline of the pathology of the more violent and fatal fevers.

There are three kinds of fevers more peculiarly destructive; the malignant remittents, the severer typhus, and the plague. Perhaps the first kind has been more generally fatal than the last, for its ravages have been more extensive and more constant. It is the fever of hot and cold climates, though more peculiar to warm seasons, and is particularly distinguishable from the two other kinds, by its being attended with some topical inflammation, with very great nervous depression, and an almost total loss of the powers of life, even in the earliest stage. It is not a highly putrid disease, though occasionally attended by putrid symptoms: the blood is dissolved, rather than putrid; the vital actions peculiarly weak, and the nervous system insensible. The typhus gravior is a more putrid disease, and the powers of life are less injured; while the plague, resembling in its general nature the malignant remittents, is more constantly attended with lymphatic swellings.

The usual epidemic of the banks of the Delaware, about the autumn, is a bilious remittent. In certain circumstances it has been malignant; and they can reckon, among the latter, fevers of peculiar malignancy in the years 1699, 1741, 1762, and 1793. The season of the year had been attended with a state of the air uncommonly oppressive and debilitating: its effects resembled those of the Sirocco in Italy, or, in a less degree, the blasts of the Samiel of the Desert. The forerunners of the disease (p. 36,) shewed that the constitution was uncommonly weak, and the torpor of the muscular system was par-

ticularly proved by the sluggish (in our author's language, the 'sulky') pulse, the intermittent or spasmodic pulse; and the weakness of the nervous power by the remarkable dejection of spirits. Effusions of blood were common from the same cause, for the blood was not peculiarly dissolved. Patients died with the placid appearance, which distinguishes deaths from putrefactive or other gas: the pupils of the eyes were dilated; and some even squinted before death.

In constitutions thus previously disposed, the symptoms just mentioned may be expected to attend the autumnal epidemic. An exciting cause is not necessary; or, if it were, it may be found, as appears in the work before us, in every irregularity of diet, in every debilitating cause, in every accidental chill. If the smell of the putrid coffee had any effect, it must have been a partial one; but, while its assistance is not wanted in explaining the source of the epidemic, so its influence is less probable from the facts recorded by Dr. Rush himself. The fever did not begin in the nearest neighbourhood of the supposed fomes; the epidemic was not particularly violent in the street adjoining to the wharf where the putrifying coffee lay.

We have said that the fever consisted in diminished powers of the *vis vitæ*, that is, in diminished sensibility and irritability. But to this other symptoms are to be added. Whenever there is a deficiency in the powers of the circulatory system, the larger vessels are distended, particularly the *vena portarum*. This occasions the biliary evacuations in warm climates, the tension in the epigastrium, and the burning heat of the stomach in the asthenic (we borrow the term to distinguish these fevers from the putrid and pestilential) fevers of every climate. With this accumulation in the biliary system, another is frequently joined, viz. an increased fulness in the vessels of the brain. This occasions the symptoms which have been attributed to inflammation: for fulness, when it is not so far increased as to occasion compression, is always attended with increased irritability. All the symptoms may consequently be referred to weakness, and want of excitability only; and the whole of our author's difficulties, respecting indirect debility, avoided. It will be necessary, however, to give an outline of the disease as it appeared to the senses.

The fever began in our author's circle, the 5th of August. The first appearance of the patient was singular: the eye was wild, the countenance suffused with blood, or yellow and dusky. The pupil was dilated, the skin dry, the pulse peculiarly slow, and sometimes intermitting. About the fourth or fifth day a vomiting came on, attended with a burning pain in the stomach, and the matter discharged was frequently black. Coma, or an obstinate wakefulness, attended in many instances

every

every stage of the disorder; the temper was irritable, but seldom desponding. The pain in the head, where sensibility remained, was highly acute, and almost in every part: the hearing and sight were impaired; and, in some cases, there was a *gutta serena*. In a very few patients there were inguinal and parotid swellings: the skin was generally insensible. The fatal termination was on the third, fifth, and seventh days, seemingly in consequence of the exacerbation on the preceding days. The blacks did not escape it: men were more subject to the disease than women; pregnant women more liable to it than others. People were affected in the night very frequently, and the watchmen as well as the grave-diggers escaped better than others. This, our author thinks, was owing to the habitual impression of cold air; but these classes were generally exempted from the attacks of plague. Painters and scavengers also generally escaped.

These are the principal characteristic symptoms of the American pestilence; and the pathology is not very intricate. There is no law of the animal economy better established, than that, in cases of general weakness, the balance of the circulation is destroyed, and various determinations to different organs take place. The same happens in fever, though we dare not say that it is in consequence of debility. The determinations in either circumstance are chiefly to the larger internal veins, frequently to the head; in cold weather, to the lungs, producing the remitting, putrid *peripneumony*. In the present epidemic, the previous symptoms, the preceding diathesis, all the predisposing causes, were such as to produce the highest debility, which, joining with the usual epidemic tendency in autumn, occasioned these various and distressing events. If the tendency to different determinations be called '*indirect debility*,' it is an abuse of terms, for they are not stimulating in their causes, but their effects: in every other view there is still less meaning in the term; and though we do not deny that the absence of impressions, or even sedative ones, may produce motion, yet these motions are distinct in their appearances, and in the events from salutary actions produced by a stimulus or volition. As well may a violent blow from the fist of a strong man be compared to the irregular exertion of the arm of a person in a convulsion. The error has originated in the physiologist, who has not properly distinguished the different kinds of muscular exertion, and traced them to different states of the nervous system.

In the fever of Philadelphia, the earliest determination was to the head, occasioning the quickness and ferocity first observed, and producing, in constitutions before depressed, coma and insensibility. The determination to the liver, though pro-

hably coeval or prior, was less perceived, because the symptoms of increased irritability were more striking in appearance; but it seems to have occurred early from the yellow colour of the skin. With these modifications, all was debility and depression. The blood, though dissolved, was not highly putrid, and the placid look in dying, the usual effect of putrefactive gas, seems in some instances to have occurred in situations of pure debility, particularly in the last stage of long-protracted consumptions.

The dissections afforded little assistance. Sometimes the vessels of the head, sometimes those of the liver, and occasionally both, were infarcted. It is necessary, however, to turn to the method of cure, and leave the incidental circumstances to the conclusion of the article. On the subject of the most useful remedies, there were no inconsiderable dissensions between the physicians of Philadelphia; and these dissensions afford a melancholy proof of the uncertainty of the art, the fallacy of experience, and the dogmatism of systematics. Dr. Rush, after some time spent in melancholy disappointments, gave active laxatives; and, after a longer period, bled his patients. He contends that this plan completely succeeded. His antagonists gave wine and bark, used the cold bath and anti-spasmodics. It seems, that at last many of the advocates of the tonic system deserted their former standards; but it is a subject of considerable importance, and requires some disquisition, as the latter plan has been so fatal in our West India islands, and occasioned the melancholy reverse of fortune so much lamented.

The practice of Dr. Stevens, who first recommended the tonic plan, proceeded on the general idea of debility. He supported the strength, and was very little solicitous about any congestions. It is, however, a fact, that, in the worst fevers, congestions will accumulate, and require topical applications; it is also a fact, that accumulations in the stomach, bowels, and biliary system, will induce an apparent debility, which is removed by evacuations, and which cordials increase; aggravating, at the same time, the symptoms of irritability. This we have often seen, and recorded in our Journal. The cold bathing is a remedy of less doubtful effect; but Dr. Rush is mistaken, when he says that the Breslaw epidemic was a jail or hospital fever: it was a true malignant remittent. Another circumstance, which misled Dr. Stevens and his followers, was the opinion of the evacuating system having been really employed by Dr. Rush in the common bilious fever, in influenza, and inflammatory diseases, which were supposed to prevail at the same time. But, whatever may be the fate of Mr. Hunter's system in general, it is certainly true, that the reigning epidemic

epidemic influences the appearance of even accidental fevers, and ought to be regarded in the treatment of every acute disease. In every autumnal fever, therefore, of a warm climate, to omit evacuations by the intestines is an error; to give tonics and stimulants, without emptying the alimentary canal, a more fatal mistake. Yet, if given before the accumulation took place, if a natural diarrhoea succeeded, the plan may appear to be highly salutary. It is, however, impossible to avoid remarking, that, in their own accounts, whatever may be the proportion, the *number* of patients was few, while those of Dr. Rush were considerable. In their own letters, the proportional number of their patients to those of our author was as one to 100, perhaps 500.

Dr. Rush did not immediately adopt the evacuating plan. This, in an epidemic, is a circumstance against its utility: for, though more are found to die in the progress of an epidemic, it is owing to more having been attacked; for, in general, epidemics soon grow milder, and the proportional number that recovers is greater. The medicine he employed also had effects more extensive than its cathartic power. The purging powder consisted of ten grains of calomel and ten of jalap; afterwards the dose of the latter medicine was increased to fifteen grains. The relief from the evacuation was considerable; and, having often had occasion to express our opinion of the utility of purgatives in all fevers, particularly those of warm climates, the plan must appear a judicious one. The calomel, however, was peculiarly useful in the system. It is known to give, for a time, a tone to the vascular system, a tone particularly calculated to dislodge accumulations in the vessels of the liver, as appears from its success in hepatitis. This should have been more clearly pointed out by Dr. Rush; for it is by an accidental hint only that we find the mouth was sometimes sore. His method it may be of importance to transcribe.

‘ As soon as you are affected, (whether by night or day) with a pain in your head, or back, sickness at stomach, chills or fever; more especially, if those symptoms be accompanied by a redness, or faint yellowness in the eyes, take one of the powders in a little sugar and water, every six hours, until they produce four or five large evacuations from the bowels—drink plentifully of water gruel, or barley water, or chicken water, or any other mild drink that is agreeable, to assist the operation of the physic. It will be proper to lie in bed while the medicine is operating; by which means a plentiful sweat will be more easily brought on. After the bowels are thoroughly cleansed, if the pulse be full or tense, eight or ten ounces of blood should be taken from the arm, and more, if the tension or fulness of the pulse should continue. Balm tea, toast and water, lemonade,

lemonade, tamarind water, weak camomile tea, or barley water should be drank during this state of the disorder—and the bowels should be kept constantly open, either by another powder, or by small doses of tremor tartari or cooling salts, or by common opening glysters; but if the pulse should become weak and low after the bowels are cleansed, infusions of camomile and snake-root in water, elixir of vitriol, and laudanum; also wine and water, or wine, punch, and porter should be given, and the bark, either in infusion in water or in substance, may be administered in the intermission of the fever. Blisters may likewise be applied to the sides, neck, or head in this state of the disorder, and the lower limbs may be wrapped up in flannels wetted in hot vinegar or water. The food should consist of gruel, fago, panada, tapioca, tea, coffee, weak chocolate, wine whey, chicken broth, and the white meats, according to the weak or active state of the system. The fruits of the season may be eaten with advantage at all times. Fresh air should be admitted into the room in all cases, and cool air when the pulse is full and tense. The floor should be sprinkled now and then with vinegar, and the discharges from the body be removed as speedily as possible.

‘ The best preventives of the disorder, are a temperate diet, consisting chiefly of vegetables, great moderation in the exercises of body and mind, warm cloathing, cleanliness, and a gently open state of the bowels.’ P. 205.

The laudanum was afterwards found injurious. The effects of the purgative shall be subjoined.

‘ 1. It raised the pulse when low, and reduced it when it was preternaturally tense or full.

‘ 2. It revived and strengthened the patient. This was evident in many cases, in the facility with which patients who had staggered to a close stool, walked back again to their beds, after a copious evacuation. Dr. Sydenham takes notice of a similiar increase of strength after a plentiful sweat in the plague. They both acted by abstracting excess of stimulus, and thereby removing indirect debility.

‘ 3. It abated the paroxysm of the fever. Hence arose the advantage of giving a purge in some cases in the evening, when an attack of the fever was expected in the course of the night.

‘ 4. It frequently produced sweats when given on the first or second day of the fever, after the most powerful sudorifics had been taken to no purpose.

‘ 5. It sometimes checked that vomiting which occurs in the beginning of the disorder; and it always assisted in preventing the more alarming occurrence of that symptom about the fourth or fifth day.

‘ 6. It removed obstructions in the lymphatic system. I ascribe it wholly to the action of mercury, that in no instance did any of the

the glandular swellings, which I formerly mentioned, terminate in a suppuration.

‘ 7. By discharging the bile through the bowels as soon and as fast as it was secreted, it prevented in most cases a yellowness of the skin.’ P. 247.

Bleeding is a more doubtful remedy. Many authorities are adduced to confirm its use, in the worst kinds of asthenic fevers, and many more might be added. On this subject it is not easy to decide. Many of the physicians quoted employed it from theoretical views; and we fear it is not unjustly severe to add, that, with a full conviction of the probable utility of bleeding, it was *too* often perceived to be salutary. Yet there are found practitioners, on whom no such imputation can fall, who have given their testimony in favour of the benefits of this evacuation. In the present fever, we find it employed at a later æra than purging, and consequently subjected to the suspicion mentioned respecting that remedy; to which must be added, that the weather was become somewhat colder, and an inflammatory diathesis might begin to take place. But, besides this explanation, we have admitted that there can be no considerable congestion in the brain, without its proving a stimulus; and the vomiting certainly was partly owing to a stimulus of this kind, because bleeding relieved it. Yet all these views will not fully justify so debilitating an evacuation, nor readily explain its salutary effects; for salutary it appears in our author’s accounts, and those of the practitioners he refers to. An observation, which we solicitously recorded in Mr. Coleman’s work *, may contribute to assist us in the difficulty. When the heart was distended so as to be incapable of propelling the increased load, taking off some blood, by lessening for a moment the moles *movenda*, contributed to increase its powers, and it began again to resume its action. This fact we suggest for inquiry: if confirmed by subsequent experiment, its application appears to us indisputable.—The circumstances which suggested the propriety of bleeding shall be subjoined.

- ‘ 1. The state of the pulse, which became more tense, in proportion as the weather became cool.
- ‘ 2. The appearance of a moist, and white tongue on the first day of the disorder; a certain sign of an inflammatory fever!
- ‘ 3. The frequency of hemorrhages from every part of the body, and the perfect relief given in some cases, by them.

* Crit. Rev. New Arrang. Vol. X. p. 151. The author limits the effects to the evacuation from the jugulars, but, in the experiment recorded, circulation was apparently stopped. While it goes on, the effect must be the same, whatever vessel the blood is drawn from.

‘ 4. The symptoms of congestion in the brain resembling those which occur in the first stage of hydrocephalus internus, a disease in which I had lately used bleeding with success.

‘ 5. The character of the diseases which had preceded the yellow fever. They were all more or less inflammatory. Even the scarlatina anginosa had partaken so much of that diathesis, as to require one bleeding to subdue it.

‘ 6. The warm and dry weather which had likewise preceded the fever. Dr. Sydenham attributes a highly inflammatory state of the small-pox, to a previously hot and dry summer; and I have since observed that Dr. Hillary takes notice of inflammatory fevers having frequently succeeded hot and dry weather in Barbadoes. He informs us further, that the yellow fever is always most acute and inflammatory, after a very hot season.

‘ 7. The authority of Dr. Moseley had great weight with me in advising the loss of blood, more especially as his ideas of the highly inflammatory nature of the fever, accorded so perfectly with my own.

‘ 8. I was induced to prescribe blood-letting by recollecting its good effects in Mrs. Palmer’s son, whom I bled on the 20th of August; and who appeared to have been recovered by it.’ p. 259.

The effects of bleeding, and the circumstances which indicated or regulated the evacuation, are too extensive for an extract, and we are unwilling to mutilate a subject of importance. It requires considerable attention from every judicious practitioner. The epidemic must be desperate, in which we could be induced to employ it; but, if employed, the bold decisive practice of Sydenham, of Dover, and our author, can alone succeed.

Cool air, light subacid drinks, and the mildest vegetable nutriment, in the smallest quantity, were added to the above-mentioned remedies. Towards the crisis, he gave light mutton broth, and after it a very little animal food. This part of the plan was, in our author’s account, equally necessary, and we cannot dispute it. In similar, though less urgent circumstances, we have followed a somewhat different plan; yet it should be added, that, when evacuations are freely used, cordials have always appeared less necessary. The pestilence itself has not been so fatal as the indiscriminate use of bark, and Port wine or Madeira.

We had purposed to offer some remarks on the use of the cold bath in this fever, chiefly from De Hahn’s account of the Breslau remittent, and Chardin’s description of the method of curing the Gombron fever; but the few facts added to the stock, in the present work, do not justify us in enlarging an article already too extensive. We shall subjoin only a short account of our author’s distinction between this remittent, the plague, and the jail fever.

The distinguishing marks of the plague have been supposed to be the lymphatic swellings: but if, in that disease, they are sometimes wanting, and, in other fevers, sometimes occur, they can afford no criterion. In short, from every view we have taken of the present epidemic, we find it resemble so nearly the plague, as described by Chenot and Russell, that we cannot think the disease essentially different; and we attribute it rather to the alterations of living, of diet, and the more extensive admission of free air in our habitations, that many epidemics of the present century have not acquired the virulence and infectious nature of the true plague. The difference between the plague and the yellow fever, as recorded by our author, consists only in degree, and the bilious discharges. The distinction of the jail fever is more striking: it is a paroxysmal disease, and not a remitting one.

On the whole, we must express our obligations to Dr. Rush for his very faithful account of this fever, and for his improved management of it. If we may have occasionally expressed sentiments of disapprobation, the whole merits our commendation. If, in some parts, he has failed, in many he has excelled.

An History of the principal Rivers of Great Britain. Vol. I.
Imperial 4to. 5l. 5s. Boards. Boydells. 1794.

THIS volume contains a description of the river Thames, from its source down to Teddington, where the tide begins to be perceived. The second volume will pursue it, to its ingress into the ocean.

The work is magnificent and interesting: is printed at the Shakspere pres, with considerable elegance; and is ornamented with numerous tinted drawings of views on the river. The description is, in general, well drawn up, but is often inflated, and sometimes degenerates into fulsome panegyric.

We shall begin with pointing out the chief blemishes, which candid criticism may discover, and conclude with an extract or two.

A connoisseur, who has seen the exquisite tinted views published in Switzerland, will think the present intitled to no praise. The colours are themselves bad; and are carelessly and hastily laid on. To employ cheap and inferior artists, and sell their work at a high price, may be regarded as a sure path to wealth, and may, by puffers, be interpreted patronage of the arts: but an enlightened public cannot be long misled by such practices.

To pass to the description, we cannot see the propriety of calling it a *history*. The best model is count Marsigli's celebrated description of the Danube; and we hope the author has perused

perused that work, though he does not mention it in his Preface. The Description, or History as it is called, is merely topographical; whereas every reader must observe that the natural history is the chief history of a river. A person skilled in that department, and in botany, ought to have been of the party. But we shall not be severe on a work intended for the great children, who are fond of books of prints.

Among the more minute blemishes, the following deserve notice.

The author rightly ridicules the idea of any such river as the Isis, while it is clear from ancient record and modern observation, that the river so called is really the Thames. But it is, or ought in common sense to be, a rule that, in order to ascertain the real source of a river, it must be traced from its mouth to its most distant origin. And, in this uncontrovertible view, the river called Churn, which rises in the midst of Gloucestershire, is the original spring of the Thames. The author confesses, p. 5, that it has been considered in that light. For *aliquot grufa*, p. 7, read *aliquot frufa*. Stukeley's odd mistake, p. 9, in supposing *Caſta* a name, ought to have been checked. Antoninus, p. 19, is the name of five or six emperors; the author should have mentioned which is implied. The 'omnis spe-s lauda d'um,' p. 41, is, *omnis spiritus lauda dominum.*

The fabulous and antiquated narrative of the foundation of Oxford by king Memphrie, p. 123, was beneath the notice of a judicious writer. We cannot see that any honour can redound to that venerable city, and university, from puerile fables. Paul Appian, and Cyprian, are, it is believed, writers of the 15th century. The money called *Oxeſnafordia*, p. 126, shews the gross ignorance of the author; who at the same time passes the testimony of Afforius, concerning the foundation of this university by Alfred. But that passage has never been seen, except by Camden: and the long extract from Domesday-book, p. 127, seems, by its silence, to evince that Oxford had no university in A.D. 1086. It is indeed surprising that no late antiquary has candidly examined the origin of our universities.

The journey of Charles II. to Oxford, in August 1652, is unknown to us. But utility is so far sacrificed to beauty, that no references deform the pretty page. 'The Grafton Chronicle,' p. 146, is Grafton's Chronicle. The reference to the Saxon Chronicle, A.D. 975, is erroneous. And we should be glad to see a paſſage in that work, to evince that Oxford had a university. 'Vaticinating,' p. 173, is neither English nor Latin. The author, p. 238, seems a stranger to such a substance as *marl*, when he supposes this the ancient name for chalk.

chalk. The crest of the Society of Antiquaries, p. 290, is not the lamp discovered in 1705; but the lamp, an emblem of laborious study. The stakes near Oatlands, p. 305, are part of a weir; had they been fixed in defence, they would have run along the river, not across.

We shall now return to give an extract or two. The first we transcribe on account of its general utility, and are surprised that no modern architect has resumed a plan, which would soon become universal. But, compared with the Romans in this art, we are still barbarians. Speaking of the hypocaust, or subterraneous oven used by the ancients, to convey heat into the different parts of their houses, the author proceeds—

‘ Palladio, in his work entitled *De Focis Veterum*, gives the following concise but intelligent account of them. “ The ancients,” he says, “ made a fire in a small subterraneous vault, from which funnels of various sizes were carried to the several rooms in the house, and the heat ascended in them, in the same manner as it is found to pass through the narrow neck of an alembic, one end whereof, though distant from the fire, is equally warm with the part which is nearest to it: thus the heat so equably diffuses itself into all parts, that it fills the whole house. The same advantage is not derived from chimney-hearths, near which if you remain you must be scorched, and when removed at a small distance from them, you are chilled; but where these pipes are carried, a mild air diffuses itself around. These funnels which distributed the heat had not open mouths, so that they did not emit either flame or smoke, but an heated vapour only, and perpetual warmth. A small fire in the vault, if it were but continual, was sufficient to produce this agreeable effect. The mouth of the vault served all the useful purposes of culinary preparation; while pots and vessels filled with hot water, were placed in every part of the walls to keep the eatables warm; a very great advantage,” Palladio observes, “ which is attended with no expence, is not liable to filth, smoke, or danger of any kind, and is free from many inconveniences which accompany all other kinds of domestic fires.”

‘ From this account of the great Italian architect, it appears, indeed, that the hypocausts discovered at Cirencester, do not exactly correspond with the description of those used in the houses of ancient Rome. But the editor of the history of Gloucestershire, with equal reason and ingenuity, observes, that, as the climate of this country is much colder than that of Italy, the Romans resident in Britain must have found it necessary to build their hypocausts immediately beneath their parlours and lower apartments, and that both their vaults and fires must, for the same reason, have been larger than those in use at Rome. It may, however, be reasonably concluded, that, in every other circumstance, there was a perfect simi-

larity between them. Many fragments of earthen funnels have been found among the ruins which have received such a minute, but, it is presumed, not wholly an uninteresting description; and one piece has the cavity entire, of an oblong form, measuring six inches by four; besides, in several parts of the partition wall, particularly in the large stones of the arches, are a considerable number of holes, in which were fixed the ends of iron hooks or staples, designed, as it appears, to support the earthen funnels, as well as to conduct them to the upper rooms, in the manner which Palladio has described. The mouths of the hypocausts, where they were supplied with fuel, were probably on the north-west and south-west fides, but have been unfortunately destroyed.

‘ In the summer of 1780, another hypocaust was discovered also in the garden grounds called the Leaves, it was twenty-seven feet by fourteen, supported by twenty-six brick pillars, three feet two inches high, seven inches and an half square, and fifteen inches asunder. Fragments of pottery, a few bones, a small quantity of ashes, and two or three coins, supposed to be Roman, were found on the spot.’ P. 13.

It is told, p. 83, that lord Godolphin persuaded Sarah, duchess of Marlborough, to pull down the ruins of Woodstock palace, opposite Blenheim, as being an unseemly object; —an advice worthy of a Hun.

We hope that, in no part of the following description, the author has confounded Dorchester, a mean village on the Thames, with the capital of Dorsetshire.

‘ This place was a city of some eminence in the time of the Britons; when it was called Caer Dauri, or Caer Doren, the city on the water. Venerable Bede mentions it under the name of Civitas Dorcinia, and Leland styles it Hydropolis, “ a title,” says Camden, “ of his own invention, but proper enough, as Dour in the British language signifies water.” There is no doubt of its having been a Roman station, as well from the number of Roman coins and medals found in it, as from the terminating syllables of its name, which, according to antiquarian opinion, would alone decide its ancient character. The old chronicles relate, that it was long famous for a bishop’s see, fixed there by Birinus, the apostle of the West Saxons in 636. “ For when,” according to the venerable Bede, “ he baptised Cinigils, the king of that people, to whom Oswald, king of Northumberland, stood godfather, the two kings gave to the bishop this city, to establish there an episcopal see.” He accordingly built a church, and made it the seat of his bishopric, which then contained the two large kingdoms of the West Saxons and Mercians; and though seven bishoprics were afterwards taken out of it, it still remained the largest episcopal see in England. It continued a bishopric for about four hundred and fifty years, till bishop

Remigius

Remigius translated it to Lincoln in the reign of William the Conqueror, and about the year 1086. After this removal, according to William of Malmesbury, it became a small and unfrequented place, though still remarkable for the stateliness of its churches: and, about the year 1140, Alexander, bishop of Lincoln, founded here an abbey of black canons; which was valued on the dissolution at two hundred and nineteen pounds per annum. The present parochial church was that of the abbey, and is a venerable massive pile, seventy-seven yards in length, from east to west, seventy feet wide, and fifty feet high, full of curious sculptures, paintings on glass, and ancient decorations. The font, supposed by Dr. Stukeley to be of the time of Birinus, is of cast lead, adorned with figures of the twelve apostles. The tower is large but not lofty, in which are six bells, some of them very ancient: on one of them is inscribed, “*Protege Birine quos convoco sine fine. Raf. Raftwold.*” The monastery joined to the west end of the church; and a considerable part of the gate arch still remains, which is used as a school-house: traces of the cloister may also be seen on the north side. At the back of the town, to the south, is a circular field surrounded by hedges, that Browne Willis considered to be the remains of an amphitheatre; beyond which, to the north-west, was a farm-house in the form of a cross, called Bishop’s-court Farm and the Gyld; supposed to have been part of the bishop’s palace, but since rebuilt. Here were large and solid foundations in Mr. Hearne’s time, and the inhabitants of the town then kept court on the spot. In a garden behind the church, a small ring of the purest gold was dug up in 1736, and is now in the possession of a tradesman in the town: within it is inscribed the year 636, the period of the consecration of Birinus; and it incloses a cornelian, on which is engraved a mitre on an altar or pillar. On the south side of Dorchester is a double intrenchment, called Dike-hills, about three quarters of a mile in length, twenty yards asunder at the bottom, and forty at top: their perpendicular height is about twenty feet. On an overflow of the Thames the dikes are sometimes filled with water. A road crosses them near the west end, and continues on the Berkshire side of the river up the hill pointing to Sinodun camp, at the distance of a mile and an half, which Leland supposes to be a work of the Danes. A skeleton, a mattock, and part of a cross were found at the west end of the south banks; and Roman coins are often discovered among the north ramparts, which are the most defaced. Between these banks and the river is a spot which appears to be the site of a small irregular building: it is called Prince’s Castle; and here Chaucer is said to have written several of his poems. The author of the History of Alchester, at the end of Kennet’s Parochial Antiquities, mentions a round hill, “where the succeeding superstitious ages built Birinus a shrine, teaching them that had any cattle amiss to creep to it.” Many other remains have here rewarded the persevering toil of the

antiquary; all of which prove the former splendid state of this place, now an ordinary village; and awaken a pensive reflection on the changeful and uncertain state of all sublunary things.' p. 216.

We shall pass the inflated accounts of Nuneham and Park-place, and give a more favourable specimen of our author's power of description.

' We now approached Hardwick, the seat of Philip Lybbe Powys, esquire; and the woods above it, which have already been mentioned as a distant object, boldly offered themselves to a nearer view of their superlative beauty. The house stands at some distance from the river, on a rising lawn, with flourishing elms scattered carelessly about it. It is a large square building, with a central turret, the work of a former century; and possesses a kind of character, which we trust our readers will comprehend, when we describe it as exciting involuntary emotions of respect in the mind of the beholder: at least such were the impressions which the first view of Hardwick-house excited in us. Nor are we afraid to risk the opinion, that there are mansions which, without any striking edificial attraction, have a certain air of appropriate hospitality and provincial dignity: and this is one of them. Its southern front commands a beautiful view of the Thames, as it approaches to, passes by, and flows beyond it: on the opposite side of the river is seen an expanse of rich meadows, with a woody country, and the village of Purley in the midst of it rising gradually from them: to the east, a longer reach of the river stretches on to Maple-durham, which terminates the scene: on the north, the grounds rise immediately to a considerable elevation, and form a long shelving brow, down whose sides hang those woods which are the pride of the place, and the most distinguished feature of the country. When, indeed, we consider their shape and outline, the richness of their surface, and the felicity of their position, we shall not hesitate to represent them as among the most impressive objects of sylvan beauty we have ever seen. They stretch along the height, and clothe its declivities; in some parts projecting almost to the bottom, and in others retiring to form a sheep-walk beneath them. It is not, however, to their extent, shape, or situation alone, but to the fine trees they contain, that they owe the massy richness which produces such a decided superiority over the woods around them. They have also a two-fold advantage, for they not only adorn, but command the country; and from the walks in which the interior parts are disposed, occasional openings display a wide command of prospect, in whose various extent no detached object is seen so beautiful as themselves. In attempting to describe the view from a thatched building, on a projecting part of the woods, we may give, perhaps, some idea of the charming pictures which appear from the different openings in them. The river is here seen in one gently winding reach of near three miles, flowing through verdant

verdant meadows, from Pangbourne to Maple-durham: to the right are the villages of Pangbourne and Whitchurch, with the bridge that unites them: beyond, rises a long line of woody country, extending from Basildon till it sinks down from Inglefield park, the seat of Mr. Benyon, to the Berkshire vale that runs on to Newbury, and the Hampshire hills breaking beautifully in the horizon above it. The country immediately opposite rises gently from the river, forming an elevated range of rich cultivation, with a pleasing inter-mixture of wood, and Purley imbosomed in it. To the left is Maple-durham house, with the church and part of the village, on the side of the river; while a wood, varied by a bold chalky break, rises above, and stretches obliquely on, till, as it gradually declines in the horizon, the spires of Reading are seen above it: from thence, the eye returns along the stream, and, resting for a moment on Hardwick-house and its lawns, completes the outline of this charming prospect. The design, which forms the opposite page, though it takes the length of the river, and consequently the objects of Hardwick, Maple-durham, and Reading, in a different point of view from that in which we have displayed them, will serve very much to aid our imperfect description. p. 232.

Letters of Euler to a German Princess, on different Subjects in Physics and Philosophy. Translated from the French by Henry Hunter, D. D. With Original Notes, and a Glossary of Foreign and Scientific Terms. 2 Vols. 8vo. 16s. Boards. Murray. 1795.

THE name of Euler is well-known in the philosophical world: but his works are in general of too abstruse a nature for those who are not initiated into the higher mysteries of the mathematics; and it is scarcely supposed in this country, that he could condescend to render his discoveries familiar to inferior capacities. On the continent, however, his Letters have been received with approbation: they have been often published, have been enriched with notes, and more than one German princess has perused them in the course of her education. They were written by the author in French, and addressed to the princess of Anhalt Dessau, niece to Frederick II. king of Prussia. From a philosopher who studied at Basle, and the greater part of whose life was divided between Germany and Russia, we cannot expect the elegance of a Fontenelle; and the person probably, to whom these Letters were addressed, required something more solid than would have been pleasing to the brilliant imagination of the former inhabitants of Paris.

These Letters are translated from the last Paris edition by Condorcet and de la Croix, in 1787, whose notes are also preserved, and several passages are restored from the editions of

Mietau and Leipsic, which the French editors thought fit to suppress.

‘ The frequent, tiresome, courtly, address, (our translator also tells us) of, Your Highness, except at the first setting out, he has entirely omitted ; out of no disrespect to princes, but because it seemed, to him, a mere unnecessary waste of words, which only encumber, and disfigure a work of science. The princess and her instructor are both gone to that awful world, in which the distinctions of the present, those of virtue excepted, are for ever obliterated.’ Vol. i. p. xvii.

This may be deemed a sufficient excuse : but we could have wished, that no omissions had taken place ; as readers in general are better pleased, when they know that the translation is as near as possible to the original ; and, though we cannot pay any great compliments to Euler on his mode of expression, yet we naturally wish to see, in what manner different writers would endeavour to make palatable to a female ear their lessons in philosophy. The eighth Letter on music is concluded, in this translation, in the following manner : ‘ Such are, if I may be permitted to judge, the true principles on which decisions respecting the excellency of musical compositions are founded.’ the edition of Mietau and Leipsic, in 1770, makes the philosopher very humble before his princely pupil, for it adds, ‘ but this is only the advice of a man, who understands nothing at all of music, and who consequently ought to be ashamed of having dared to entertain your highness upon this subject.’ Fontenelle, with less knowledge, would not have expressed himself so vulgarly ; and a lady of the old court of Versailles would have laughed at such an insult upon her understanding.

Prefix'd to the Letters is the elogium of Euler, read before the Academy of Sciences at Paris, in which the life of this great man, and his studies are developed. The reader, who is not already acquainted with the history of Euler, will be highly gratified by the insertion of this tribute of applause from the academy to its colleague ; and in the account of his philosophical researches, the homage paid to his virtues by both friends and enemies, is not forgotten. In a bloody war he might have been a sufferer.

‘ The Russian forces having, in 1760, penetrated into the marches of Brandeburgh, plundered a farm of Euler's, near Charlottenburg : but general Tottleben had not come to make war on the sciences. Being informed of the loss which Euler had sustained, he hastened to repair it, by ordering payment far beyond the real value of the property, and having communicated to the empress Elizabeth, an account of this involuntary disrespect, she was pleased to add a gratuity of four thousand florins, to an indemnification already more than

than sufficient. This anecdote is not so generally known as it deserves to be, while we quote, with enthusiastic admiration, similar actions transmitted to us from antiquity. Is not this difference in the judgments we form, a proof of the happy progress of the human species, which certain authors still obstinately persevere in denying, apparently to shun the imputation of having contributed to it?' Vol. i. p. xlvi.

A fire threatened afterwards a still greater calamity.

'In 1771, the city of Petersburg suffered severely from a terrible conflagration: the flames had caught the house of Euler. One Peter Grimm, a native of Bâle, whose name well deserves to be transmitted to posterity, apprized of the danger of his illustrious compatriot, now blind and enfeebled, bursts through the midst of the fire, reaches his apartments, places him on his shoulders, and saves Euler's life, at the hazard of his own. His library, his furniture was destroyed, but the zeal and exertions of count Orloff preserved his manuscripts. The attention paid to this, at the height of a calamity so dreadful, is the most honourable and flattering homage which public authority could have offered to science. The house of Euler was one of the empress's gifts to him: a similar act of munificence speedily repaired the loss.' Vol. i. p. lxxi.

The barbarians, as in their military capacity we justly call them, of Russia, testified at his death their esteem for distinguished merit.

'His death was considered as a public loss, even in the country which he inhabited. The academy of Petersburg went into deep mourning for him, and voted a marble bust of him, at their own expence, to be placed in their assembly-hall. An honour still more distinguished already had been conferred upon him, by that learned body, in his life time. In an allegorical painting, a figure of Geometry is represented leaning on a tablet, exhibiting mathematical calculations, and the characters inscribed, by order of the academy, are the formules of his new theory of the moon. Thus, a country which, at the beginning of the present century, we considered as scarcely emerged out of barbarism, is become the instructor of the most enlightened nations of Europe, in doing honour to the life of great men, and in embalming their memory: it is setting these nations an example, which some of them may blush to reflect that they have had the virtue neither to propose, nor to imitate.' Vol. i. p. lxii.

On reading these quotations, the reader cannot fail of contrasting the losses of a Priestley and a Euler with the different compensations of the two philosophers; and, when the enlightened inhabitants of Birmingham congratulate themselves on their superiority over the savages of the northern regions, their pride will be humbled, on recollecting the zeal, with

which the manuscripts of the philosopher in Russia were preserved from the flames, and the childish curiosity, and inhuman bigotry, which hawked the papers of their learned neighbour from hand to hand, or consumed the labour of many years in the rage of a furious multitude.

By giving instruction in the form of Letters, the necessity of order is supposed to be superseded; a subject may be quitted and resumed at the option of the writer; and he is not confined to the complete investigation of any one branch of knowledge, or to lay down an entire system of philosophy. Much, however, as we have been entertained and instructed by these Letters, we should have been better pleased with the lectures in a different form, for the philosopher certainly does not shine in epistolary correspondence. We could have wished to see a more regular system, adapted to the capacity of his scholar, such that each part might have a regular dependence on that which went before, and that the reader might at the conclusion be considered as sufficiently instructed in the more material parts of science, and qualified to enter upon the deepest researches. The two first Letters explain the nature of magnitude and velocity; the fourteen following are upon sound, musical tones, and the nature of the air; light is the subject of the next twenty-eight Letters; thence to the sixty-ninth Letter, the system of gravitation, either in the universe at large, or upon the tides, is explored; in the next eight Letters, the nature of body, and the monads of Wolff, are examined; whence our philosopher diverts into the metaphysical world, and to the end of the volume is occupied with the nature of spirits, the abstruse question of liberty, the properties of the syllogisms, the origin of evil, and the real destination of man.

The second volume opens with the mistakes made in the investigation of truth; and, in the first twenty-two Letters, replies to the Pyrrhonists, confirms the system of monads, ridicules the absurdities supposed to result from arguing by 'the sufficient reason,' a mode much used and abused by the philosophers of Germany, and returns to the subjects in the former part of the first volume, by reflections on the analogy between sound and colours. Electricity, and the nature of thunder, are explained in the next seventeen Letters. The problem of the longitude is stated in the fortieth Letter, which leads to a description of the earth, and the different modes of discovering the longitude, by time-pieces, eclipses of the moon, or Jupiter's satellites, and the motion of the moon. These subjects employ us to the fifty-fourth Letter, from which to the seventy-second, the chief phenomena of magnetism are explained. Quitting magnetism, the philosopher returns to the subject of light, and telling his princess simply at the beginning of the seventy-second Letter, that the wonders of dioptrics will now,

he thinks, 'furnish a subject worthy of her attention,' explains to her the properties of telescopes, microscopes, of the camera obscura, the magic lantern, and other optical instruments. These subjects employ him to the hundred and tenth Letter, from which, to the end of the Letters, the lady is entertained with the solution of the question of the apparent inequality in the magnitude of the sun and moon in the horizon and zenith, an inquiry into the cause of the azure colour of the sky, and the effects of the refraction of the rays of light in passing through our atmosphere. To these Letters is subjoined a Glossary of foreign and scientific terms, pointing out the language from which each term is derived. This plan we hope to see adopted in general by philosophical writers, especially when new terms are introduced, which sometimes, we must observe, are indeed derived from the learned languages, but distorted in such a manner as to confound every principle of analysis.

It will be unnecessary to make any remarks on those parts of natural philosophy, in which our author agrees with other writers: we have already said, that he does not particularly shine in epistolary correspondence; yet in general his explanations and descriptions are clear and easily comprehended. On other things he does not satisfy us: and without respect to the attachment we naturally possess to the most distinguished of our countrymen, we shall unite in the compliment paid to his memory, benefit, we hope, by the reflection made on his supposed errors; but, till we see better reasons to the contrary, continue to make those errors the essential parts of our theory on light.

'Newton (says Euler) was, without doubt, one of the greatest geniuses that ever existed. His profound knowledge, and his acute penetration into the most hidden mysteries of nature, will be a just object of admiration to the present, and to every age. But the errors of this great man should serve to admonish us of the weakness of the human understanding, which, after having soared to the greatest possible heights, is in danger of plunging into manifest contradiction.' Vol. i. p. 82.

This remark is founded on Newton's doctrine of light, which, we are told, has no foundation in nature: and our philosopher adds, 'you will certainly be astonished, that it could have been conceived by so great a man, and embraced by so many enlightened philosophers. But it is long since Cicero remarked, that nothing so absurd can be imagined, as to find no supporter among philosophers. For my part, I am too little a philosopher to adopt the opinion in question.' This opinion is, that rays of light emanate in straight lines from the sun or other luminous body: against which Euler contends,

First,

First, that the sun's magnitude would have sensibly decreased in the course of so many ages, from the emission of such a quantity of light. 2. That as the stars also emit rays, there must be a violent collision between them, as when two fountains are made to play upon each other. 3. That transparent bodies must be porous in every direction. 4. That the system would be filled with light. And, lastly, That the eye must be injured by the acting of a particle of matter upon it with an inconceivable velocity. The translator has very properly observed in a note, that, on the most unfavourable calculation, in 385,130,000 Egyptian years, the sun would lose only $\frac{1}{7217520}$ th part of his bulk by the emission of light; and, as such is the tenuity of the rays, the arguments of Euler fall to the ground. And let any one calculate the momentum of a particle acting upon the eye, and he will at once see that the injury to which it is exposed is imaginary. In opposition to the emanation of the rays, our author makes another hypothesis, grounded on the notion that the space, through which the heavenly bodies move, is filled with subtle matter, elastic, and incomparably finer than air. Having filled his system with this ether, which makes no perceptible resistance to the bodies moving in it, 'light,' he tells us, 'appears certainly to be, with respect to ether, what sound is with respect to air; and that the rays of light are nothing else but the shakings or vibrations transmitted by the ether, as sound consists in the shakings or vibrations transmitted by the air.' Hence evidently a luminous body will lose no part of its bulk; and the velocity is accounted for, by the prodigious rarity of this ether: for as sound would have a greater velocity if the air was constituted of a rarer medium, so the rarity of the ether is capable of producing all the effects attributed to the velocity of light. On the variety of objections to this system, it is needless to dwell; if a violent collision of rays of light on the principles of emanation is expected, what must be the consequence of the perpetual vibrations of this ether, in so many different directions? might not light also, like sound, be transmitted in other than straight lines? But, above all, what proof is there of this subtle ether, which, if really existing, and capable of producing the effects now attributed to it, must, one would think, produce many other phenomena in the system of the universe?

Indeed, our author tells us, that many other phenomena are produced by it; and to the same cause he attributes electricity. As, in treating of this subject, he explains concisely the nature of the ether, to do him justice, we shall now use his own words.

* The great requisite is to have a thorough knowledge of the nature

ture of ether. The air which we breathe rises only to a certain height above the surface of the earth; the higher you ascend, the more subtle it becomes, and at last it entirely ceases. We must not affirm, that beyond the region of the air there is a perfect vacuum, which occupies the immense space in which the heavenly bodies revolve. The rays of light, which are diffused in all directions from these heavenly bodies, sufficiently demonstrate that those vast spaces are filled with a subtle matter.

‘ If the rays of light are emanations forcibly projected from luminous bodies, as some philosophers have maintained, it must follow, that the whole space of the heavens is filled with these rays, nay that they move through it with incredible rapidity. You have only to recollect the prodigious velocity with which the rays of the sun are transmitted to us. On this hypothesis, not only would there be no vacuum, but all space would be filled with a subtle matter, and that in a state of constant and most dreadful agitation.

‘ But I think I have clearly proved, that rays of light are no more emanations projected from luminous bodies, than sound is from sonorous bodies. It is much more certain, that rays of light are nothing else but a tremulous motion or agitation of a subtle matter, just as sound consists of a similar agitation excited in the air. And as sound is produced and transmitted by the air, light is produced and transmitted by that matter, incomparably more subtle, denominated ether, which consequently fills the immense space between the heavenly bodies.

‘ Ether then is a medium proper for the transmission of rays of light, and this same quality puts us in a condition to extend our knowledge of its nature and properties. We have only to reflect on the properties of air, which render it adapted to the reception and transmission of sound. The principal cause is its elasticity or spring. You know that air has a power of expanding itself in all directions, and that it does expand, the instant that obstacles are removed. The air is never at rest, but when its elasticity is every where the same; whenever it is greater in one place than another, the air immediately expands. We likewise discover by experiment, that the more the air is compressed, the more its elasticity increases: hence the force of air-guns, in which the air, being very strongly compressed, is capable of discharging the ball with astonishing velocity. The contrary takes place when the air is rarefied: its electricity becomes less in proportion as it is more rarefied, or diffused over a larger space.’ Vo. ii. p. 96.

‘ Ether being a subtle matter, and similar to air, but many thousand times more rare and more elastic, it cannot be at rest, unless its elasticity, or the force with which it tends to expand, be the same every where.

‘ As soon as the ether in one place, shall be more elastic than in

another, which is the case when it is more compressed there, it will expand itself into the parts adjacent, compressing what it finds there, till the whole is reduced to the same degree of elasticity. It is then in *equilibrio*; the equilibrium being nothing else but the state of rest, when the powers which have a tendency to disturb it counterbalance each other.

‘ When therefore the ether is not in *equilibrio*, the same thing must take place as in the air, when its equilibrium is disturbed; it must expand itself from the place where its elasticity is greater, toward that where it is less; but considering its greater elasticity and subtility, this motion must be much more rapid than that of air. The want of equilibrium in the air produces wind, or the motion of that fluid from one place to another. There must therefore be produced a species of wind, but incomparably more subtile, than that of air, when the equilibrium of the ether is disturbed, by which this last fluid will pass from places where it was more compressed and more elastic, to those where it was less so.

‘ This being laid down, I with confidence affirm, that all the phenomena of electricity are a natural consequence of want of equilibrium in the ether, so that wherever the equilibrium of the ether is disturbed, the phenomena of electricity must take place; consequently, electricity is nothing else but a derangement of the equilibrium of the ether.

‘ In order to unfold all the effects of electricity, we must attend to the manner in which ether is blended and enveloped with all the bodies which surround us. Ether, in these lower regions, is to be found only in the small interstices which particles of the air and of other bodies leave unoccupied. Nothing can be more natural than that the ether, from its extreme subtility and elasticity, should insinuate itself into the smallest pores of bodies, which are impervious to air, and even into those of the air itself. You will recollect that all bodies, however solid they may appear, are full of pores; and many experiments incontestably demonstrate, that these interstices occupy much more space than the solid parts; finally, the less ponderous a body is, the more it must be filled with these pores, which contain ether only. It is clear, therefore, that, though the ether be thus diffused through the smallest pores of bodies, it must however be found in very great abundance in the vicinity of the earth.’ Vol. ii. p. 99.

On the porousness of bodies depends their facility of receiving or giving electricity: those, whose pores are open, receive it easily, those on the contrary, whose pores are close, are either entirely, or to a very great degree, insensible to electricity. The ether will endeavour to disengage itself from the places in which it is compressed, till it is in *equilibrio* with the surrounding fluid: and as the agitation of the air produces sound, that of ether light, whenever the ether escapes from

from one body to enter into another, its passage through the air, a porous body which in some measure impedes it, will be accompanied with light, under the form of a spark or a flash of lightning.

Upon this principle, the phenomena of electricity are explained: and though we by no means deny that there are fluids much more subtile than the air, and that in remote distances from the earth there may be a subtile matter of the nature of ether which shall also pervade the denser bodies of the sun, earth, and planets, yet we cannot reconcile ourselves to this account either of light or electricity. In the latter instance, since ether is represented to be of so subtile a nature, the mere act of friction, as upon a cat's back on a frosty day, can hardly be supposed to compress it in the degree necessary to produce any effect: and yet, on a subject in which all confess their ignorance, we would not wish presumptuously to determine: and as Newton himself suggests the idea of an ether diffused over the universe, and electricity depends most probably on operations of some subtile fluid, though its action may not depend on the porousness of bodies, many things suggested by Euler upon this occasion will be found deserving of the attention of the philosopher.

The investigation of the properties of the etherial fluid is the great characteristic of this system of natural philosophy. In the metaphysical part of his work, our author treats of most of the subjects, which in all ages have excited the attention of the thinking part of mankind. He is an advocate for liberty against the *Necessarians*, but there is no novelty in his arguments: he contends against the pre-established harmony of Liebnitz, attacks the *Idealists*, *Egotists*, and *Materialists*, solves the question of the origin of evil in the usual mode, and is a firm believer in the separate existence, and yet intimate union of soul and body. 'This union, in his opinion, undoubtedly is, and ever will be, the greatest mystery of the divine omnipotence, a mystery which we shall never be able to unfold.' In contending against Wolff's system of spiritual as well as material monads, our author speaks in the following manner:

'I remark, first, that as a spirit is a being of a nature totally different from that of body, it is absurd to apply to it standards, which suppose magnitude, and that, consequently, it would be folly to ask, how many feet, or inches, long, a spirit is, or how many pounds, or ounces, it weighs? These questions are applicable only to things which have length, or weight: and are as absurd as if, speaking of time, it were to be asked, how many feet long an hour was, or how many pounds it weighed? I can always, confidently, affirm,

affirm, that an hour is not equal to a line of 100 feet, or of ten feet, or of one foot, or any other standard of measure ; but it by no means follows, than an hour must be a geometrical point. An hour is of a nature entirely different, and it is impossible to apply to it any standard, which supposes a length, which may be expressed by feet, or inches.

‘ The same thing holds good as to spirit. I can always, boldly, affirm, that a spirit is not ten feet, nor 100 feet, nor any other number of feet ; but it does not hence follow, that a spirit is a point, any more than, that an hour must be one, because it cannot be measured by feet or inches. A spirit, then, is not a monad, or in any respect similar to the ultimate particles into which bodies may be divided ; and you are perfectly able to comprehend, that a spirit may have no extension, without being, on that account, a point, or a monad. We must, therefore, separate every idea of extension from that of spirit.

‘ To ask, in what place does a spirit reside ? would be, for the same reason, likewise, an absurd question ; for to connect spirit with place, is to ascribe extension to it. No more can I say, in what place an hour is ; though assuredly an hour is something ; something, therefore, may exist, without being attached to a certain place. I can, in like manner, affirm, that my soul does not reside in my head, nor out of my head, nor in any particular place ; without it's being deduced, as a consequence, that my soul has, therefore, no existence ; just as it may be, with truth, affirmed, of the hour now passing, that it exists neither in my head, nor out of my head. A spirit exists, then, though not in a certain place ; but if our reflection turns on the power which a spirit has, of acting upon a body, the action is, most undoubtedly, performed in a certain place.

‘ My soul, then, does not exist in a particular place, but it acts there, and as God possesses the power of acting upon all bodies, it is, in this respect, we say, He is every where, though his existence is attached to no place.’ Vol. i. p. 403.

After having read this account of a spirit, we shall naturally inquire, whether a spirit can die, or what death is : on these subjects the explanation is interesting.

‘ It is, also, the influence of the soul upon the body which constitutes it's life, which continues as long as this union subsists, or as the organization of the body remains entire. Death, then, is nothing else but the dissolution of this union, and the soul has no need to be transported elsewhere ; for, as it resides in no place, all places must be indifferent to it ; and, consequently, if it should please God, after my death, to establish a new union between my soul, and an organized

organized body in the moon, I should instantly be in the moon, without the trouble of a long journey. And if, even now, God were to grant to my soul, a power over an organized body in the moon, I should be equally here, and in the moon; and this involves no manner of contradiction. It is body only which cannot be in two places at once; but there is nothing to prevent spirit, which has no relation to place, in virtue of it's nature, to act at the same time on several bodies, situated in places very remote from each other; and, in this respect, it might be said, with truth, that it was in all these places at once.' Vol. i. p. 408.

‘ Death being a dissolution of the union, subsisting between the soul and body, during life, we are enabled to form some idea of the state of the soul, after death. As the soul, during life, derives all it's knowledge through the medium of the senses, being deprived, by death, of the information communicated through the senses, it no longer knows what is passing in the material world; this state might, in some respects, be compared to that of a man who should, all at once, become blind, deaf, dumb, and deprived of the use of all the other senses. Such a man would retain the knowledge which he had acquired, through the medium of sense, and might continue to reflect on ideas, previously formed; his own actions, especially, might supply an ample store, and, finally, the faculty of reasoning might remain entire, as the body, in no respect whatever, contributes to its exercise.’ Vol. i. p. 409.

On subjects, which are so far removed from our comprehension, it is absurd to be dogmatical; and though we are as far removed as our philosopher from any predilection for the materialists, yet we never can approve indiscriminate censure. We should therefore have been better pleased if he had omitted the following observation: ‘ It appears to me, accordingly, abundantly certain, that such extravagant sentiments would never have been maintained, but from pride, and an affectation of singularity: and you will readily agree, that the common people have, in this respect, much more good sense than those learned gentlemen, who derive no other advantage from their researches, but that of bewildering themselves in a labyrinth of chimeras, unintelligible to the rest of mankind.’ Our respect for Euler, for his indefatigable industry, for the superiority of his exertions to those of almost every man in the present century in mathematical pursuits, cannot restrain us from expressing our disapprobation of this language. It is unworthy of a philosopher, and particularly so of one, whose character was, in most respects, so amiable as that of Euler. In future ages, the fame

same pride and affectation of singularity, from which we believe him to have been totally exempt, may be attributed to himself ; but the mistaken notions of a Leibnitz, a Berkley, and a Wolff, will more properly be attributed by candid minds to the difficulty of the subjects, than to any vicious propensity in those respectable philosophers.

The nature of syllogisms is explained by geometrical diagrams ; and, if they serve to impress the rules on a learner's mind, they certainly are useful : but we very much doubt this, and conceive that it will be as easy to retain the distinctions between syllogisms without as with the figure. A circle represents the subject, another the predicate : according as the proposition is affirmative or negative universally, or affirmative or negative particularly, one circle is contained, wholly or in part, within or without the other : and by the introduction of a third circle the whole theory of syllogisms is investigated.

Having made such long extracts, we need not say much on the style or language. In general, the translation is as accurate as can be desired in a work of this sort : for where the original does not aim at any particular ornaments of composition, we cannot expect any to be transfused into another language. But in expressing our obligations to the translator, for giving this opportunity to the English reader of improving himself by the researches of one of the first philosophers of the age, if we cannot expect, with the translator, that such a work will soon ' be daily on the breakfasting table, in the parlour of every female academy in the kingdom,' we take a pleasure in recommending it to the instructors of those seminaries, and to every one who wishes to make a progress in philosophical pursuits.

The Canterbury Tales of Chaucer ; completed in a modern Version. 3 Vols. 8vo. 15s. Boards. Robinsons. 1795.

THE great father of our English poetry has long spoken a language unintelligible to all common readers ;—the Tales of Chaucer have required a translation almost as much as any other classic. This has from time to time induced many of our best poets to try their skill in cloathing him with a modern version ; nor have they been content with merely rendering the sense more accessible and giving harmony to the measure, but being themselves poets, they have improved what they professed only to explain ; they have extended the embryo thought, adorned the baldness of their author by adding the pride, pomp, and circumstance, of poetical narration ; softened the grossness

of an uncultivated age, and made their author speak not only the language but the poetry of modern times. In 1741, Mr. Ogle collected those translations which had been made, and added many of his own; but a complete version was still wanting. This task Mr. Lipscomb has executed, with the exception only of two, the Miller and the Reeve's Tale, the licentiousness of which, (though perhaps not greater than that of January and May) may well excuse their omission in this collection. The life of Chaucer and the introductory discourse are taken from the valuable edition of his original works published by Mr. Tyrwhitt. The notes are likewise from his edition; and Mr. Lipscomb apologizes to the public for not accompanying the work with a fresh body of notes, by his distance from town, which made it impossible to procure the proper materials. This is certainly a loss, as much might yet be done towards illustrating the manners of the 14th century from these Tales. Chaucer was a man of the world, and wrote from an immediate and intimate acquaintance with men and customs: and though his stories are probably all borrowed (most of them are known to be so), the strain of his satire, particularly against the monks and the officers of the ecclesiastical courts, show, what were the grievances in those days, and which way reform pointed. It is pleasant to compare the luxury of the 14th with that of the 18th century; to observe how watering places have succeeded to pilgrimages, and how the same characters, from the great store-house of nature, are varied by the garb and mode of a different age. With the greater part of these Tales, most readers are already familiar; they are chiefly translated by Pope, Dryden, Betterton, and Mr. Ogle. Those who look into Chaucer himself will be surprised to find how much some of them are obliged to the translators, particularly the Parish Priest, done by Dryden, and Cambuscan, by Mr. Boyle. Those that remained for Mr. Lipscomb, in a field where so many had been before him, would, of course, be the least attractive: they are the Franklin's Tale, the Doctor's, the Pardoner's, the Shipman's, the Prioress's, the Rhyme of Sir Thopas, the Monk's Tale, the Second Nun's Tale, the Canon's Yeoman's Tale, the Manciple's Tale, and Melibeus, in prose, with their respective prologues. The version of Mr. Lipscomb is every thing that we have a right to require of a translator. Dryden and Pope gave us more than we had a right to ask. The verse is correct and easy, the diction as much raised as the nature of such tales requires, and he keeps faithfully to the original, except where a becoming regard to delicacy has induced him to castigate the freedom of some passages. Besides the Tales already mentioned, Mr. Lipscomb has given us the Tale of the

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Nun's Priest, not knowing, he says, singular as it may appear, (and singular it most certainly is) that Dryden had done it before him. We shall therefore give the reader the opportunity of comparing part of each version with the original.

* A poore widowe, somdel stoupen in age,
Was whilom dwelling in a narwe cottage,
Beside a grove, stonding in a dale;
This widowe, which I tell you of my tale,
Sin thilke day that she was last a wif,
In patience led a ful simple lif;
For litel was her catill and hire rente,
By husbondry of swiche as God hire sente,
She found hireself, and eke hire daughters two.
Three large fowes had she, and no mo,
Three kine, and eke a sheep that highte Malle;
Full footy was hire boure, and eke hire halle,
In which she ete many a slender mele:
Of poinant sauce ne knew she never a dele,
No daintee morsel passed thurgh hire throate,
Hire diete was accordant to hire cote;
Repletion ne made hire nevir fike,
Attempre diete was all her physike;
And exercise and hertes suffisance,
The goute let hire nothing for to dance;
Ne apoplexie lhente not hire hed:
No wine drank evir she, ne white ne red.
Her bord was served most with white and black,
Milk and brown bred in which she fond no lack;
Seinde bacon, and somtime an ege or twey,
For she was as it were a maner dey.'

The Nonnes Preestes Tale, Chaucer.

The following is the version of Dryden:

* There lived, as authors tell, in days of yore,
A widow somewhat old, and very poor.
Deep in a dell her cottage lonely stood,
Well thatch'd, and under cover of a wood.
This dowager, on whom my tale I found,
Since last she laid her husband in the ground,
A simple sober life in patience led,
And had but just enough to buy her bread.
But housewifing the little heaven had lent,
She duly paid a groat for quarter rent,
And pinched her belly, with her daughters' too,
To bring the year about with much ado.
The cattle in her homestead were three fows,
A ewe called Mally, and three brinded cows.

Her

Her parlour window stuck with herbs around
 Of savoury smell ; and rushes strewed the ground.
 A maple dresser in her hall she had,
 On which full many a slender meal she made,
 For no delicious morsel passed her throat ;
 According to her cloth she cut her coat.
 No poignant sauce she knew, no costly treat,
 Her hunger gave a relish to her meat :
 A sparing diet did her health assure ;
 Or sick, a pepper posset was her cure.
 Before the day was done her work she sped,
 And never went by candle-light to bed.
 With exercise the sweat ill humours out,
 Her dancing was not hinder'd by the gout.
 Her poverty was glad, her heart content,
 Nor knew she what the spleen or vapours meant.
 Of wine she never tasted thro' the year,
 But white and black was all her homely cheer,
 Brown bread and milk (but first she skimm'd the bowls)
 And rashers of sing'd bacon on the coals,
 On holidays an egg, or two at most :
 But her ambition never reached to roast.'

We next present the reader with Mr. Lipscomb's:

‘ Time's snowy honours sprinkled on her head,
 Her peaceful life an aged widow led ;
 A lofty grove, her humble cot behind,
 Fenc'd off the rudeness of the western wind :
 In front a limpid stream meand'ring flow'd,
 And breath'd gay health around the neat abode.
 Small were her means, and slender was her store,
 Yet did her sober wish ne'er pine for more ;
 For her each year increas'd three fruitful sows,
 For her, with well-fwoln teats, three ruddy cows ;
 And, these besides, a favourite ewe she kept,
 Which oft in winter in her chamber slept.
 Pledges of early love, indulgent Heaven
 Two blooming daughters to her hopes had given.
 No costly dainties on her board were seen ;
 Her fare was homely, but her table clean :
 No wine she tasted, neither pale nor red,
 With black and white alone her board was spread,
 With bowls of milk, and loaves of good brown bread.
 Far from her cot repletion's ills withdrew,
 Her steady nerves nor gout nor palsey knew :
 But though luxurious dainties were denied,
 Yet patient industry each want supplied ;

And Heaven's best boon, unbought with hoards of wealth,
Crown'd every other blessing, jocund health.' Vol. iii. p. 316.

On comparing these two versions with the original, it will be immediately seen that the cast of them is totally different. Dryden's abounds with little characteristic touches, partly his own, and the rest expressed in so natural and idiomatic a style, that it has all the freedom and ease of an original drawing. The proverbial expressions scattered through it, the *groat for quarter rent*, the *pepper posset*, &c. stamp the character not only with the truth of nature, but with the appropriate colouring of the class and the country to which it belonged. His widow is, as well as Chaucer's, a plain English country housewife. Mr. Lipscomb's has less of nature, and more of the language of verse. The very first line is an instance of this, *Time's snowy honours*, &c. whereas Dryden, in the plainest style of story-telling, relates, that *Once upon a time there lived*, &c. Mr. Lipscomb's style is full of inversions,—*A lofty grove, her humble cot behind*: he speaks of a meandering stream, of *two blooming daughters*, the *pledges of early love*, and thus gives his description an air of pastoral and a certain elevation, which very much take from the peculiar merit of the character; in the same manner as it would from Gainsborough's Girl with Pigs, if she was dressed like an Arcadian shepherdess. Both the versions have amplified Chaucer; Dryden's most, but then he has improved it. Mr. Lipscomb has added a well fancied circumstance to the mention of the *ewe*, namely, that it slept in her chamber in winter. Dryden has stuck her parlour window with sweet herbs, and strewed the ground with rushes, in which, however, we venture to question whether the text will bear him out. Chaucer says, 'full *sooty* was hire *bowre*';— and as he is describing the poverty of the woman, it more probably means that her hall and bowre were *sooty*, *black* with smoke, as all poor cottages, no doubt, were at that time, and as a highland cottage is now. On Mr. Lipscomb's version of this line we can make no criticism, for he has omitted to render it at all: so he has another line, which Dryden seems to have mistaken, *Sin thilke day that she last was a wife*, which means, since the last day that she was a wife, that is to say, the day of her husband's death, the day when she commenced widow, not, as Dryden renders it, when *she last laid her husband in the ground*, as if she had had several husbands; which rather injures that air of sobriety so conspicuous in her character. Dryden has added to the mention of the brown bread and milk a circumstance indicative of economy, that first *she skimmed the bowls*. Mr. Lipscomb has omitted the *rasher of bacon and eggs*, so much in the style of country fare. The last line of Chaucer is translated

by

by neither. Upon the whole, though we have no objection to Mr. Lipscomb's giving us his own translation, which perhaps it was natural to do after having been at the pains to finish it, we do not so well relish being deprived of Dryden's, who has better seized the spirit of Chaucer, and made it the finest picture of real country manners to be found in the language, if we except perhaps the School Mistress of Shenstone.

In the description of the cock, which follows, the two translators are nearly on a par: but *coral red*, used by Dryden, is better than *red as fine coral*, Mr. Lipscomb's expression, for a metaphor has most strength when converted into an epithet; and Dryden has added to the embattled comb, that it was indented. *In dents embattled like a castle-wall.* In that of the fox, there is more difference.

‘ Methought, as round our yard my walk I took,
Mine eyes a beast of hideous figure struck;
His frightful skin of mix'd and varied hue,
Yellow and red, my fix'd attention drew;
With black his tail was tipp'd, that swept the ground,
With black his pendent ears were edg'd around,
And his stern aspeēt, and his eyeballs red,
Still sink my foul with undiminish'd dread.’ Vol. iii. p. 319.

Took and *struck* are bad rhimes: but Dryden begins with a triplet which is much worse—

‘ Know, dame, I dreamt within my troubled breast,
That in our yard I saw a murderous beast,
That on my body would have made arrest.’ } }

but in the rest of the description he shows a much more accurate knowledge of the animal.

‘ With waking eyes I ne'er beheld his fellow:
His colour was betwixt a red and yellow;
Tipp'd was his tail, and both his pricking ears,
With black, and much unlike his other hairs;
The rest in shape a beagle's whelp throughout,
With broader forehead and a sharper snout:
Deep in his front were sunk his glowing eyes.’

The bushiness of the tail, and the different-coloured hairs of *mixt and varied hue*, are properly taken notice of by Mr. Lipscomb; but how could he think of making the ears *pendent, short upright ears*, or as Dryden has it, *pricking ears*, enter into the very definition of the fox kind? See Pennant. The superior beauty of the last line of Dryden need not be pointed out: *glowing eyen twey* is Chaucer's expression.

We trust Mr. Lipscomb will not think a comparison unfair
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which he has himself provoked : there are few poets who ought to feel humbled at being esteemed inferior to Dryden. By making our selection from a passage in which Mr. Lipscomb is evidently eclipsed, we do not mean to throw any disparagement on the rest of his labours ; and, we doubt not, the public will feel itself obliged to him for having thus completed the version of our first English classic.

The History of the Reign of Louis the Sixteenth, King of France.
By Thomas George Street. 3 Vols. 8vo. Vol. I. 6s. Boards.
Bell. 1795.

THE History of the Reign of Louis XVI. is the history of an era the most eventful and important that has hitherto occurred in the annals of mankind. The writer of that period will have to survey a face of things, not only striking in its appearance, but almost entirely new. His researches, therefore, must depend, for their success, on caution as well as industry ; he will have to point out the connection, sometimes very remote, between complicated causes and the most surprising effects. He will have not only to guard against the misrepresentations of parties, but frequently to hesitate, from those uncertainties that attend a course of events struggling under unexampled difficulties, and still wanting the steadiness of experience. The difficulty of the task will be still further increased by considerations arising from the connection of the affairs of France during this reign with those of our own country. Of all these difficulties the author of the present history is well aware, and in a short but well-written Preface, speaks as follows :

‘ In relating the events that more immediately belong to a neighbouring country, I shall sometimes be compelled to discuss the affairs of our own ; and in executing this part of a task, which the spirit of the times has made unusually arduous to the diligent, and perhaps dangerous to the impartial, I shall endeavour, at least, to unite precision with clearness, and freedom with decorum. I cannot, indeed, submit to the imperious decisions of bishop Horsley, upon the Divine Right of Kings, nor shall I presume, in imitation of Mr. Burke, to libel the people. But far be it from me to deprecate the sound principles of our constitution ; and far, too, be it from every sincere lover of that constitution to aspire to the popularity, or shrink from the reproaches, of those ambitious and selfish hirelings, who insidiously darken the subjects which they undertake to explain, and eventually disgrace the cause which they profess to defend.’ Vol. i. p. viii.

The political system of Europe is greatly connected with
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the history of this interesting period, and more particularly since the revolution. The present History, therefore, properly commences with a view of Europe, from the beginning of the eighteenth century, to the death of Louis the Fifteenth. Our author devotes section the first, containing thirty-one pages, to this subject, and gives a short view of the most prominent features of all the governments of Europe during that period.

Section the second begins with the birth of Louis the XVIth, and takes a view of the French constitution during the three principal epochs of the history of France from the reign of Clovis, viz. the Merovingian, the Carlovingian, and the Capetian: the latter part is concise but comprehensive; it is written with considerable spirit, and discourses considerable information.

The former surveys too interesting a period in the French history to pass unnoticed: we shall therefore lay before our readers a quotation or two, which shall serve as specimens of our author's style of writing.

After a short description of the birth and education of the Dauphin, afterwards Louis the Sixteenth, our author proceeds to give an account of his union with the archduchess of Austria.

' The dauphiness,' says he, ' at the period of her marriage, had scarcely attained her fifteenth year. Her form was graceful and majestic; her features regular and expressive; her eye-brows, by being too elevated, gave to her countenance an air of haughtiness, which was only concealed when she condescended to smile.

' Her behaviour, as occasion required, was either arrogant or affable; but her arrogance was natural; her affability assumed: she despised the mild disposition and moderate abilities of the dauphin, whom she attempted to please only for the purpose of fashioning him to her wishes. She was intriguing, and insincere, voluptuous, prodigal, and inconstant. With these attainments it was not difficult for her to acquire the admiration of the people. Popularity indeed to the powerful has always been an easy acquisition, and the facility with which it has been obtained, has, perhaps produced the frequency with which it has been abused. But the influence of the dauphiness was not efficacious alone upon the people. The imperious demeanour of the king's favourite, madame Dubarri, had disgusted several of the most illustrious families of France, who had retired from a court in which they could only have remained by bending the knee to whoredom, and by burning the incense of flattery upon the altar of prostitution. These families, therefore, naturally attached themselves to the dauphiness, from whom they expected that patronage to which the sacrifices they had made, had

entitled them. The other branches of the royal family had been induced to visit the favourite, but the dauphiness invariably refused. When the king once endeavoured to prevail upon her, she told him, that "Obedience to his commands would have been a duty, if she had been born his subject, but, as she was the daughter and sister of an emperor, his majesty, she hoped, would excuse her." But the principal object over which the dauphiness endeavoured to acquire all influence, was the dauphin; and perhaps on no one could her attempts have been exerted with more success. Averse from the ceremonies attached to his exalted rank, he willingly submitted to her authority, which released him from duties that disgusted, and allowed him the possession of that retirement to which he had always manifested such an attachment. To this attachment, the dauphiness, it was suspected, afforded additional strength by her encouragement and approbation.' Vol. i. p. 36.

Our author proceeds to take a cursory view of the reigns of Louis XIV. and XV.

' Of that and the succeeding reign,' says he, ' perhaps I may be pardoned if I stray awhile from the direct line of my history, to take a rapid view. Fain would I indulge, what I believe to be the honest impulse of indignation. Fain would I assist in devoting to merited execration and contempt, a period the most calamitous perhaps that occurs in the annals of the world. The reign of Louis the Fourteenth, "a reign which has been so often celebrated as the zenith of warlike and literary splendour, has always appeared, to me, to be the consummation of whatever is afflicting and degrading in the history of the human race. Talent seemed, in that reign, robbed of the conscious elevation, of the erect and manly part, which is its noblest associate, and its surest indication. The mild purity of Fenelon, the lofty spirit of Bossuet, the masculine mind of Boileau, the sublime fervor of Corneille, were confounded by the contagion of ignominious and indiscriminate servitude. It seemed as if the 'representative majesty' of the genius and intellect of man were prostrated before the shrine of a sanguinary and dissolute tyrant, who practised the corruption of courts without their mildness, and incurred the guilt of wars without their glory."

' From the reign of Louis the Fifteenth, my aversion is scarcely less inferior to my aversion from the reign of his predecessor. I see the same guilt in the principles, though with less gaudiness in the practice. The same wickedness, with greater weakness; equal indifference to the public happiness, with equal neglect of the popular voice—the same insults "to the majesty of God's own image;" the same violation of the most sacred principles; the same system of grievous oppression and profligate profusion.

' Richelieu and Mazarin had fitted the mind of the people for the endurance of those evils which Louis the Fourteenth occasioned.

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The former had conquered, the latter had corrupted them. The success of the one was derived from force, the success of the other was deduced from flattery.

‘ The miseries and disasters of the civil wars had so chilled the current of popular principles, that at the accession of Louis the Fourteenth, the people were disposed to a complete acquiescence in the abominable principles of passive obedience and non-resistance. Circumscribed and contemptible as the understanding of Louis the Fourteenth was, that monarch easily and early made this discovery—Where shall I commence the survey of this man’s atrocities? On what part of his reign shall I concentrate first my attention? Shall I present the chain regular and unbroken, or seizing only the larger and more prominent links, shall I alone hold up to view the more pre-eminent enormities? Scarcely had Louis the Fourteenth escaped from the restraint in which cardinal Mazarin had kept him, when he displayed the full force of his ambitious and cruel designs. Of despotic monarchs the annals of modern Europe furnish unhappily an ample catalogue: but it remained for Louis the Fourteenth to conceive the mighty and murderous project of lengthening the chain of slavery, till it should encircle the whole human race. Just preface of his future conduct, he commenced his career by violating the fundamental principles of society, and by over-running Franche Comté and Flanders in defiance of the most solemn engagements. But the iniquitous seizure of these provinces, and the unprovoked attack on Holland are lost and forgotten in the contemplation of the horrors consummated in the Palatinate. Oh! how does every manly and generous feeling revolt from the cowardly cruelty of a wretch, who, to deprive his enemy of a resource, twice issued orders to ravage that devoted country with fire and sword: who, with unequalled refinement of barbarity, chose the most cheerless of the seasons for the execution of his savage designs, and, in the midst of winter, chased from their habitations, the innocent inhabitants of flourishing cities, and of unoffending villages.

‘ By a mind, oh what a mind! capable of such enormities, the revocation of the edict of Nantes could alone have been conceived. Good God! let us pause a moment to reflect on the mighty misery which this man occasioned! Let us stop to bewail the calamitous condition of five hundred thousands of created beings driven from the land of their forefathers; dispossessed in a moment of all that can soothe and soften the woes of existence, and doomed to the sad situation of seeking, in other and remote regions, a precarious protection and a scanty support. But while, at the remembrance of such crimes, humanity wrings from us a tear, let not indignation be restrained from indulging her impulse. Let us condemn, at the same time that we pity, the patient endurance of humanity. Willingly would I cast from my remembrance, that to the patronage of Louis the Fourteenth, ignorant and uninformed as he was, literature owes such

such great obligations: willingly would I banish the recollection from my mind, because I cannot but remember that literature condescended, for that patronage, to sacrifice her proudest attributes, her noblest energies.

‘ But the insulted cause of human nature received some recompence from the signal reverse of fortune which Louis the Fourteenth experienced. The latter part of his reign was as unfortunate as the former had been successful. Haughty and insolent in prosperity, he became mean and contemptible in adversity, and cowardly shrinking from the storm that raged around him, offered, not only to surrender his most faithful ally to the rage of his enemies, but to assist in his destruction.

‘ From a mass of such iniquity, combined with such meanness, I turn to the contemplation of a period, only less detestable than that which preceded it. If we are consoled by the mildness of the regency of the duke of Orleans, we are at the same time outraged by the negligence with which that man permitted the adoption of the most ruinous projects. If we see no daring designs against the majesty of man, we behold a criminal surrender of the people to the insults of that cunning projector Law, who subjected the kingdom to all the miseries of a general bankruptcy. Inglorious and calamitous, however, as was the regency, it was still preferable to the period that succeeded it. During that period what calamities did not Louis the Fifteenth let loose on his devoted people! To them war came attended with all his horrors, and peace brought none of her blessings. All the sinews of society were rent asunder by the monarch and his minions: “ All the principles that bind man to his species were violated—the most infamous means were put in practice to exhaust the resources of the nation.

‘ Edicts destructive of all laws, of all privileges were adopted, and one fatal decree became the source of thirty years of vexation and misery.”

‘ Prostitutes, and ministers, as weak and wicked as prostitutes, directed the grave business of the state, and involved the nation in the most deplorable calamities. *Lettres de cachet* were obtained by purchase; ruinous speculations, introduced into the administration of the finances, occasioned a bankruptcy; taxes of the most oppressive nature were imposed; remonstrances were disregarded, and at length forbidden. The source of justice was polluted, and finally the parliament of Paris, “ whose members, in every period of French history, have merited the praise of being the virtuous but feeble guardians of the rights and privileges of the nation,” the parliament of Paris, and all the other parliaments of the kingdom were dissolved.

‘ Last of all, the people, calamitous truth! were reduced to such a state of abject submission, that they made no attempts to shake off the grievous yoke, and the kingdom at the death of Louis the Fifteenth, “ morbid in its aspect, morbid in its extremities, and

morbid

"morbid in its vitals," seemed to have reached the ultimate point of degradation.' Vol. i. p. 60.

Section the third presents the history of the finances from the commencement of the reign of Henry the Fourth to the completion of the reign of Louis the Fifteenth. Of this Louis our author observes as follows :

‘ Averse from the toil of investigating the situation of the finances, Louis the Fifteenth signed, without inquiry or remorse, every decree that was to add to the burthens of his drooping and dejected people. The pillar of public misery, towering its head to the clouds, threw a dark and melancholy shade over the whole land. Anticipations of the revenue, and immense loans, swelled the sum of public debt to so large an amount, that the larger part of the revenue was ingulphed in the payment of the interest. Arbitrary imposts were promulgated at the mouth of the cannon, and collected at the point of the bayonet. Public bankruptcies involved in ruin flourishing cities and peaceful villages. All offices were sold. Commerce and agriculture were vexed by oppressions and restraints, and the dejected form of industry vainly sought for patronage and protection. Private property was violated, and even personal liberty sold. Monopolies of the most necessary articles were not only sanctioned by the government, but promoted by the king, who scrupled not to avow, that the revenues of the kingdom were devoted to the flagitious purpose of purchasing, on his own account, that corn which was to preserve the existence of his people. Finally, to complete the calamitous account, the annual expences of the kingdom exceeded the income seventy millions of livres.

‘ Such was the situation of the kingdom, when Louis the Sixteenth ascended the throne.' Vol. i. p. 88.

Section the fourth commences with describing the just expectations of the people during this period, to the dismissal of M. Turgot and the resignation of M. Malesherbes.

Section the fifth gives an account of the origin of the dispute between Great Britain and her colonies; relates many circumstances respecting the tyrannical conduct of Great Britain; her operations in America, and in the East and West Indies; and closes with describing the capture of Chandernagore, Karacal, Masulapatam, and Pondicherry.

Section the sixth contains the following particulars :

‘ War between Russia and the Porte—Termination of the War—Dispute between the Emperor of Germany and the King of Prussia relative to the Succession to the Electorate of Bavaria—Congress at Teschen—Turkey—Effects produced by the American War on Great Britain and France—Attempts of France on Spain and the United Provinces—Spain declares War against Great Britain—Operations

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rations in the West Indies—Capture of St. Vincent's and Grenada—Engagement between Count d'Estaing and Admiral Byron—Operations in America—Siege of Savannah—Raising of the Siege—Operations in Europe—Siege of Gibraltar.'

Section seventh contains—

‘ Disastrous Situation of the Americans—Siege of Charlestown—Surrender of Charlestown—Powerful Reinforcements sent to the Americans by the French Government—Proceedings of the British in South Carolina—Operations in North Carolina—Operations in the West Indies—Engagement between Sir George Rodney and the Comte de Guichen—Operations in the East Indies.’

Section eighth contains—

‘ Cautious Conduct of the United Provinces—War declared by Great Britain against the United Provinces—Armed Neutrality—View of the domestic Situation of Great Britain—Alarming Situation of Ireland—Opposition to the War in Great Britain—Riots in London—Effects produced by these Riots on the Public Mind—Operations in America—Treachery of General Arnold—Battle of Guildford Court House—Retreat of Lord Cornwallis from North Carolina—Progress of General Greene in South Carolina—Defection of Part of the American Army—Views of General Washington—Siege of York Town—Surrender of Lord Cornwallis’s Army—Operations in the West Indies—Capture of St. Eustatius—Ineffe-
ctual Attempt against St. Lucia—Reduction of Tobago—Reduction of Nevis and St. Christopher—Engagement between Sir George Rodney and the Count de Grasse—Operations in Europe—Raising the Siege of Gibraltar—Surrender of Minorca—Engagement off the Dogger Bank—Operations in the East Indies.’

Section ninth contains,

‘ Internal Situation of Great Britain—State of Ireland—General Peace.’

Section tenth contains,

‘ View of the internal Situation of France—The Constitution of France—Unimportant Alteration in the Constitution since the Commencement of the present Reign—Conduct of the Parliament of Paris—Opposition of the Parliament to Messrs. Turgot and Necker—The Parliaments of Paris and Rouen oppose the Vingtîmes—The Parliament of Paris dependent on the Court—Public Opinion—Important Change in the Public Opinion—By what Causes produced—Of the Causes that have retarded the Improvement of the Human Mind—The Crusades—Effect produced by the Crusades—Extension of the Power of the Crown—Repression of the Power of

the Feudal Lords—Privileges and Immunities granted to the Cities and Towns—The Establishment of a Standing Army—Taxes imposed without the Consent of the States General—Revocation of the Privileges granted to the Cities and Towns—The Convocation of the States General discontinued—Perceptions—Use of Lettres Closes and Lettres de Cachet—The Church—Situation of the Clergy during the 1st and 2^d Races—Imposition of the Dimes—Extension of the Power of the Clergy by the Crusades—Privileges arrogated by the Clergy—The Inquisition—The Mendicant Orders of the Monks and Friars—Second, of the Causes that have contributed to the Improvement of the Mind—The Reformation—Progress of the Reformation in France—The Revival and Progress of Literature—Establishment of the University of Paris—The Progress of Literature to the End of the 15th Century—View of the French Authors of the 16th and 17th Centuries—Effect of Literature on the Jurisprudence of France—Reformation of the Criminal and Civil Codes by Louis the Fourteenth—View of the French Authors of the 18th Century—Montesquieu—Voltaire—Rousseau—D'Alembert and Diderot—Abbé Mably—Abbé Raynal—Helvetius—Marmontel—Effect produced by the Works of the above Authors—Schism between the higher and lower Clergy of France—The Protestants—The Court—Profligacy and Profusion of the Court of Louis the Sixteenth—Indolence of the King—Interference of the Queen in the Government—Her enormous Extravagance—Indecent Distribution of Honours—Effect produced by the American Revolution on the Minds of the French—Appendix.'

If the author of the above history labours under a few local disadvantages, he appears to be an industrious man, and has availed himself of such writings as are of unquestionable authority, in throwing light on the History of the Reign of Louis XVI. He has, accordingly, prefixed to the first volume a list of such authors as he had occasion to consult. With respect to the style, it is, in the earlier part of it, rather inclining to verbosity, but, in general, it is correct and nervous. On the whole, it is an useful work, and may be read with considerable pleasure as well as profit, by people of all parties who wish to be acquainted with the affairs of France. Mr. Street seems to be a warm friend to liberty, and an upright man: and the completion of his history will, we are persuaded, give pleasure to many of his readers.

Letters to Alcander. Written between the Years 1777 and 1783.
2 Vols. Small 8vo. 6s. jewed. Becket. 1795.

THESE Letters contain sentimental effusions on the loss of a beloved wife and infant child; remarks on passages of history; on political opinions and events; on education; music; picturesque

picturesque scenery ; criticisms on the poets ; and a variety of popular topics. Although unequal in point of merit, the author appears to be a man of good taste, and of a cultivated mind. A melancholy habit pervades the whole : but that, to readers of a certain description, may not be unacceptable. Some pieces of poetry are interspersed ; of which, and his critical talents, the following affords no unfavourable specimen.

‘ I have conversed for some time with Dante the earliest of the Italian poets. When I read this poet, I think of the remark which has been made, that as the most vigorous plants often spring in a virgin soil, so genius sometimes makes its happiest shoots in the writers who have first applied themselves to the cultivation of poesy. In the wild and irregular composition of Dante, I yet remark a loftiness of thought, and vigour of expression, that has not been surpassed by the more polished poets of a later date in that language.

‘ Milton, who was well acquainted with the Italian poets, has drawn many hints from Dante to the improvement of his poem. In the

“ Regions of sorrow, doleful shades, where peace
And rest can never dwell, hope never comes
That comes to all——”

I trace the awful words of Dante written in the gate of these doleful regions :

“ Lasciate ogni speranza, voi, che’ntrate.”

Neither is there wanting a considerable degree of resemblance between the genius of the English and the Italian poets. The same daring spirit carried both poets to pass the bound of the visible diurnal sphere, and to explore the secrets of an invisible world. The sublime images, solemn strain of thought, conciseness and energy of language, that characterise the English, are also found in the Italian poet. Amidst the vigorous flights of a bold fancy, we may also observe that a like cast of mind leads each of these poets to engage in abstruse disquisitions, and to interweave the subtleties of theology with the more pleasing descriptions of poetry.

‘ As there is a resemblance in the character and genius of Milton and Dante, so we may also trace a likeness in their fortunes and the events of their life. Both poets lived at a time when their country was rent by intestine dissensions, in which they took no inconsiderable part. In the civil wars in England, Milton, inclined to republican principles, warmly espoused the interests of that violent party by which the monarchy was overthrown. In the fierce contests that agitated the state of Florence between the opposite factions of the Bianchi and Neri, Dante was an eminent leader of the Bianchi. Fortune, which in the beginning had favoured them in their politi-

cal course, was equally adverse to both in the conclusion. By the triumph of the royal party in England, Milton was involved in perils and distresses, and by the successes of the Neri in Florence, Dante with his party was sent out into banishment. The courage and constancy of the poets was not overcome by adversity, and calamity only added new ardour to their genius. Milton in obscurity and disgrace undertook his noble work of *Paradise Lost*, and Dante in exile composed his singular poem, which first displayed the beauty and compass of the Italian tongue, and set an example to other nations to improve their native language.

‘ Milton has touched on his distresses and the reproach that attended him in the latter part of his life ;

“ Though fallen on evil days,
On evil days though fallen, and evil tongues,
In darkness, and with dangers compast round,
And solitude.”

‘ Dante also pathetically deplores the misfortunes of his exile, in that prediction which he feigns his ancestor to have pronounced to him in paradise concerning his future fortune.

“ As by a stepdame cruel and unjust
Hypolitus from Athens was exil’d,
Thou from thy native Florence must depart.
And thou shalt leave all, that in prosperous days
Thy soul had held most dear, and with the smart
Of that first shaft shall exile wound thee sore.
And thou shalt prove what bitter bread he eats
Who eats at others’ board ; what painful path
He treads, whose feet still climb another’s stair.
But that which most thy spirit will oppres
Is that perverse unrighteous company,
That, cast with thee to banishment, shall turn
With senseless rage, and base ingratitude,
Against thy peace, compelling thee to keep
Thy way apart.”

‘ Dante died in that banishment of whose afflictions he complains ; less fortunate in that respect than Milton, who though in obscurity and distress, yet ended his life in his native country.’ Vol. i. p. 136.

The comparative advantages of busy and retired life have often employed the pens of able writers. The propriety of our author’s opinion on the subject we leave with our readers.

‘ I recollect the conversation which we formerly had on the subject of active and contemplative life, and that preference which you gave to the active state. Neither do I mean to disprove the arguments

ments which you advanced in favour of your opinion. The world is agreed with you in that particular, and profit and dignity fall to the share of those, who fill the various departments of active life.

‘ And yet is it so easy a matter as some have thought, to sustain a part in retired life with elegance and propriety? If that be the case, how may it happen, that so many, who have acquitted themselves with credit upon the busy stage, have maintained their parts less gracefully in the retired and sequestered scene?

‘ A person, who withdraws to the shade, ought to bring with him a taste for tranquil pleasures, and ought also to bring innocent thoughts, that he may rightly enjoy the tranquillity and innocence of the groves. Nor is it enough that his thoughts are innocent and pure; he ought also to possess a well cultivated mind, that he may fill up his leisure with commendable pursuits. Public life presents a constant succession of occupations, but exercises and employments must be found to relieve the stillness and uniformity of retired life: nor are these always easily supplied. The savage Indian, when not engaged in the chace, lays himself down by the side of the stream, that the motion and the murmur of the waters may give some agitation to his vacant mind. In more civilized states, they who withdraw from busy life are sometimes constrained to have recourse to less innocent amusements. It is the distinction of a well cultivated mind, that, from its own stores, it can provide entertainment for itself in retirement and solitude.

‘ A man who is engaged in active life, is placed in a conspicuous station, and, like an actor on a crowded theatre, is animated in his exertions by the eye, the voice, the applause of numerous spectators. But he, who retires from the world, must be contented with fewer witnesses, and must sustain himself in his pursuits, by his own thoughts, by the secret consciousness of worth, and the eye of approving heaven.

‘ The recluse, who devotes himself to the contemplative state, has combats to sustain, no less than they who act on the busy stage. The slumber of indolence may overtake him in the shade, where there are few incitements that rouse his emulation. Sickly vapours, and discontented spleen, that often accompany unactive life, may cast their dark clouds around him. Ambition, though forbidden to enter, may disturb his retreat: that world which he has forsaken, will paint itself to him in colours more bright than the reality, whilst fame reports with a busy care the successes of others in the public walks of life. The fenses also will present their illusions, and sometimes hold a more imperious language in solitude, than in places of various and busy resort. Is it a slight matter to triumph over such powerful enemies?

‘ Whilst I mean not to detract from the merit of those who toil in the busy sphere, yet by reflexions of this kind I would suggest, that he who acts a becoming part in retired and contemplative life, is neither unskilful, nor undeserving of praise.’ Vol. ii. p. 29.

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The greater part of these Letters are not inferior to our extracts; a few are rather of the *namby-pamby* style; but the lovers of sentimental sorrow and melancholy raptures will be glad to add these volumes to their collection. They are said to be written between the years 1777 and 1784; but from some pointed allusions to recent events, we suspect they have been retouched.

A Dissertation on the Universe in general, and on the Procession of the Elements in particular. By Richard Saumarez, Surgeon to the Magdalen Hospital. 8vo. 5s. Boards. Eger-ton. 1795.

THE modern philosophy has been supposed superior to the ancient, from the mode of induction introduced by Bacon, and insisted on apparently with such success by his followers. Our author is of a different opinion: the laborious processes of experimental philosophy, and the arduous deductions of mathematical investigation, he holds in great contempt, and laments that we are so much taken up with matter and sensible objects, as in our turn to neglect or despise intelligibles. What are sensibles, says he, but effects? 'whereas intelligibles contain the efficient causes of things:' the former are infinite in their nature, and indefinite in their qualities; the latter 'establish principles of a definite and positive nature, which lead to a knowledge of infinite particulars.' To this an obvious answer occurs, both from the reason of the thing, and the experience of ages. From the reason of the thing, it appears, the study of *sensibles* must be the first object of man, who gains his knowledge for a considerable time entirely by the senses; and till the nature of sensible objects is ascertained by the generally received mode of philosophising, it is in vain that we employ our intellect upon them, or endeavour to draw general conclusions on the phenomena of the universe. The experience of ages shews the boasted advantages of this study of intellects, of 'wholes to give principles to particulars.' Have not the moderns made greater advances in philosophy, since the time of Bacon when the old mode began to be exploded, than in the two thousand preceding years?

In proof of the superiority of the ancient mode, our author points out to us Pythagoras, Socrates, Plato, to whom he adds some modern names of weight; such as Cudworth, Moore, and Norris; and Dr. Horsley, the present bishop of Rochester, is brought in, as being of the same opinion, from an effusion of his, 'that his philosophy is Plato's, and his creed St. John's.' We may remind our author that the prelate has published a voluminous edition of Sir Isaac Newton's works,

and that, in the quotation alluded to, he probably distinguishes between moral and natural philosophy. If he is a disciple of Plato on metaphysical subjects, he would not think it a compliment to be enlisted among the opponents of the Newtonian school.

To make the doctrine of intelligibles, of universals, of wholes, more probable, we are told that 'the Platonic philosophy is the philosophy of scripture, and the most occult parts of St. Paul's Epistles are best understood by Christians who have the best knowledge of that philosophy' and it is shrewdly hinted, that science is not the object of the present age, and that nothing but confusion arises from our inversion of principle, our study of sensible objects by means of experiment, instead of attending to the real objects of knowledge, the science of intelligibles. Nay this loss of the best philosophy, with this adoption of the worst, has been one of the remote causes of the destruction in France of all order and government; and our own country has more to fear from the same system, than from all the calamities of war. Thus forewarned of our danger, what can we do, but to throw aside our electrical machines, our air-pumps, our retorts and alembics, and listen with all our ears to an author, who in a few chapters, without any tedious process, explains the nature of the universe, and solves in a moment a variety of problems, which continue to torture the sagacity of our best mathematicians?

The form of the universe is discovered and explained with the utmost ease. Since it proceeds from Deity, it must be of the most perfect kind: 'but as a sphere is the most perfect figure that can be described, it follows, that the universe must be a sphere, and consequently, that its circumference must be equally distant from its centre.'

'Having stated these principles, it follows, that all the bodies contained within the sphere participate the most of the beautiful, in the ratio of their proximity to the circumference, not only in their figure and motion, but in the use for which they are destined; and that the body, which forms the centre, is not only the very last, and therefore the very worst; but, if motion be a quality existing in the bodies near the circumference, the body at the centre must be immoveable. Astronomers well know, that either the sun moves round the earth, or the earth round the sun: it must follow therefore that the sun moves round the earth; otherwise that body which is the most excellent would be situated in the last and worst place.' p. 3.

Having thus driven the sun from its position near the centre of gravity in the system, and found out this property of bodies near the circumference, we may easily conjecture what is to follow. Newton's doctrine of attraction is easily exploded, and

and the principle of levity admitted: but cohesion must be accounted for; and whether intelligibly or not, we shall leave our readers to determine: ' Body must be the recipient of certain incorporeal powers, which, however, by their union with body are corporalised in a most eminent degree: hence they retain but a faint vestige of immateriality, are full of material imperfection, and may be said to be corporeally incorporeal; ' and to these powers in body we are to attribute the attraction of cohesion.

Need we proceed further? Every page almost abounds with passages equally luminous; and it is only to shew the progress of an human mind in the eighteenth century, that we transcribe another paragraph. Our author explains the cause of the descent in equal time of a guinea and a feather in the following manner:

' Here then is a great variety in all the cases: it cannot arise from a different influence in the power of gravitation, it must be the same in both, since the bodies are placed at equal distances; it cannot arise from the difference of the quantity of matter, since the feather and the guinea reached the bottom together and at once: it must therefore arise from the difference of the medium; but if it arises from the difference of the medium, it cannot arise from the attracting power of the earth; and if it does not proceed from the attracting power of the earth, then it follows that the principle of gravitation is only a relative and not a positive principle. The question then is, by what standard is this relation to be measured? I answer, the quantity of matter with relation to the medium: it is the nature of the medium that determines whether a body shall ascend or descend, or remain suspended; the active power of Nature, that resides not only in the medium but in all matter, having for her object the return of *parts* to their *wholes*. Light, therefore, is essentially rarer than air, air than water, water than earth.

' It is the specific relation of the medium with respect to the object, that decides the gravitating or ascending disposition; for if it be ascribed to the earth when a body descends, it cannot be refused to the upper regions when a body ascends, or to the air when it remains suspended. The fact is, that this power neither resides in the one nor in the other; it is Nature, that universal principle that exists every where, that decides the point: Nature decides at once in her unerring scales whether a body does or does not contain more matter than the medium; if it does contain more matter, then it descends; if equal, it remains suspended; and if it contain less, then it ascends: the middle one seems a neuter quality, although there is a limitation to the two extremes.' p. 86.

From the specimens given of our author's philosophy, it will readily be inferred that nothing escapes him. On the

doctrine of intelligibles or wholes, is explained the nature of heat, cold, fire, creation, waterspouts, clouds, rains, &c. &c. and unintelligible as it is to us, and will remain to the poor advocates for experimental philosophy, we doubt not, that in this unphilosophical age as our author calls it, he will not only find readers, but proselytes. It is very easy to make a system from one's own mind: it is laborious to pursue the phenomena of the material world through a long chain of experiments and mathematical deductions.

Herman of Unna: a Series of Adventures of the Fifteenth Century, in which the Proceedings of the Secret Tribunal, under the Emperors Wincelaus and Sigismond, are delineated. Written in German by Professor Kramer. 3 Vols. 12mo. 9s. sewed. Robinsons. 1794.

FOR this singular and interesting novel we are indebted to the pen of professor Kramer, the author of many literary productions. It has for its ground-work the account of an institution of which the traces are found in history, though so obscure and imperfect, that its very name is probably known but to few. This institution is *the secret tribunal, or free courts and judges of Westphalia*,—a most extraordinary court, which is first mentioned as an establishment publicly known in the year 1211, and which, towards the end of the 14th and beginning of the 15th century, suddenly rose to power so formidable as to strike terror into all Germany. It consisted at that time of more than a hundred thousand members, taken from all ranks and professions, who were bound by a tremendous oath to pursue and put to death any man or woman condemned by the tribunal, though their nearest friend or relation. Their jurisdiction was exercised under the veil of the most impenetrable secrecy, they were not known except to one another; so that the unhappy man who had become obnoxious to them was surrounded with invisible spies, whom he ate and drank and conversed with without suspicion, while at the same time their eyes were upon his most indifferent actions, and their dagger was pointed at his breast. As it is probable that no institution, however absurd and oppressive in its progress, was ever begun without a view to utility, it is to be presumed that this tribunal was well calculated in its origin to remedy the imperfect administration of justice through the German empire, and to execute its decrees with a celerity and impartiality which would cause the greatest criminals to tremble. By degrees, however, it grew so formidable and corrupt, that there was no safety for persons of birth and fortune, but by being admitted into the order. Every prince had some free judges

judges in this council, many princes sought admission themselves, and in those days, more gentlemen were free judges, than have since been free masons. By degrees, as the princes acquired more power in their respective dominions, this tribunal was disfused, though there still remain some vestiges of it in the county of Mark and the duchy of Westphalia. These and further particulars may be collected from an essay prefixed to these volumes, extracted from baron Bock.

The scene of these adventures is laid in the latter end of the 14th and beginning of the 15th century, partly at Prague, the court of the emperor Wenceslaus, and partly in various courts of Germany. It gives a striking picture of the manners of that age, and is interwoven with many traits of history relative to Sigismond king of Hungary, queen Barbe, so famous for her gallantries, the empress Sophia, and others.

The two persons upon whom the narrative more particularly turns, are Herman of Unna, and Ida Munster. Herman is a younger brother of a younger branch of the counts of Unna, who, not being inclined to the church to which his family had devoted him, seeks his fortune in the court of Wenceslaus, and afterwards of Sigismund. Dangerous as is his situation from the dissoluteness of morals around him, he preserves the purest and most amiable manners, and, by his bravery and address, renders the greatest services to his masters. Ida, with whom he falls in love, is the supposed daughter of Munster, a rich statuary, but in reality the daughter of the count of Wittenberg, stolen when an infant, by her nurse, the wife of Munster. The character of Munster is grave, sensible, and shrewd; his wife is governed by her passions, and has a strong tincture of vanity and female cunning. She contrives to introduce her supposed daughter at court, with a compliment to the empress on her nuptials; and Ida becomes so much the favourite of Sophia, as to excite the jealousy of the ladies of the court, and, by the artifice of her enemies, she is accused before the secret tribunal of having practised witchcraft upon the empress. The mysterious solemnity of this scene is wonderfully calculated to affect the imagination. Ida one morning receives from her woman a note containing the following citation:

“Ida Munster! forcereſſ! accused of murder, of high treason! appear! We, the secret avengers of the Eternal, cite thee within three days before the tribunal of God! appear! appear!”

“Good Heavens!” exclaimed Ida, when by the assistance of her women she was brought to herself: “did I see clearly? give me that note.” She read it: it fell from her hands: and pale and trembling she sat down on her chair.

“The servant then related, that in the morning she had found the

parchment nailed to the door that led to Ida's apartment : at first she paid no attention to it, because she could not read ; but the people, who were assembled in crowds, informed her of its contents, and ordered her, with threats, to carry it to the person to whom it was addressed.

‘ Ida listened to her tale, half dead with fear, and scarcely knowing what she heard. Had she been more collected she would have perceived, in the looks of those about her, an indignation and contempt, which would have appeared to her extraordinary from persons by whom she had been incessantly flattered.

“ O God ! what have I done ? and what am I now to do ? ” cried Ida, clasping her hands, and lifting her eyes to heaven.

“ What you have done,” said her women, “ is best known to yourself : and as to what you have now to do, it is not for us to advise. We must instantly leave you, lest the vengeance of heaven should pursue us also.”

“ And will you abandon me ? ” said Ida to the young woman who had brought her the billet, and who, affected by her situation, had thrown herself at her feet, and watered them with her tears.

“ Tell me in what I can serve you, and I will stay.”

“ Run to the princess of Ratibor, and tell her tell her only yet tell her all : describe to her my distressed situation : let her advise me what to do. God only knows what has brought on me this calamity.”

“ The young woman went, and soon returned, bringing back for answer, that the princess knew no such person.

“ In like manner Ida sent to several other ladies of the court, and equally to no purpose. She then recollect ed the duke of Bavaria, and the count of Wirtemberg, who had always shewn a regard for her. To them she sent also, and received for answer, that she must have recourse to God, if her conscience were pure : as to advice, they could give her none, except that of not failing to appear in compliance with the citation, as, at any rate, her life was at stake.

“ Appear ! ” said Ida : “ where must I appear ? Did you ask where the secret tribunal is held ? ”

“ The girl was silent.

“ My life too at stake ! ” exclaimed the unfortunate Ida, after a long and gloomy silence. “ Heavens ! what have I done ? Am I not innocent ? ”

“ God send you may be : ” answered her woman, sobbing.

“ Yes, I call Heaven to witness that I am. I swear it by him who lives for ever.”

“ Having remained some time on her knees, covering her face with her hands, and seemingly in prayer, she at length arose, and continued thus : — “ What said the count of Wirtemberg ? Was it not that I must seek consolation from God ? ” Be it so. “ God has already comforted me ; he will comfort me still more by the mouth

mouth of his ministers. Give me my hood : I will go to church, and confess myself. The reverend father John will tell me what to do."

" Oh ! do not run such a risk : the people are excited against you, and may do you some mischief."

" Give me my hood : I may risk every thing, for what have I to lose ?"

" No doubt it will be useless for me to attend you."

" Do as you please."

Ida set off, without once looking round her. She muffled herself up as much as possible in her hood, that she might not be known. At every corner she heard her name coupled with imprecations. The people seemed better informed than herself of what she was accused. The appellations of wretch, criminal, scoundrel, passed from mouth to mouth without further explanation : at last she gathered from some expressions that dropped from a company walking before her, that the crime with which she was charged was committed against her dearest friend, her adored Sophia. More than once she was near sinking to the earth, her legs failed her, and she was obliged to lean against the wall.

When she arrived at the church, where she sought counsel and consolation from the only friend she had left, her confessor, night was advancing. Silently she passed along the gloomy cloisters of the hallowed fane, and placed herself in an obscure corner, to wait for father John. Whether this father John were the famous confessor of the emperors, St. John Nepomucenes, whose name is still so celebrated for his discretion, our memoirs do not inform us. St. Nepomucenes himself, however, could not have given more striking proofs of his love of taciturnity, than did our father John, when this afflicted sinner, or saint let us rather call her, laid open to his view the inmost recesses of her heart.

She concealed nothing from him ; she wept, she sighed, she asked his counsel . . . and still he was silent. She urgently implored him to bestow on her one word, one simple word of consolation. After a long pause, he ventured to say : " Go ; clear yourself from the crime of which you are accused, and then I will grant you absolution."

" But what must I do ? I am cited to the bar of justice by I know not whom ; I am to make my appearance I know not where."

" Appear."

" And who will be my judges ?"

" Those terrible unknown mortals, who render justice in secret."

" Where do they assemble ?"

" Every where, and no where."

Ida bathed in tears, ceased to question this flinty-hearted priest ; and he rose to go away.

" Have pity on me ! have pity on me !" cried she, holding him.

by his gown : " it is now night : grant me an asylum till the morning in this convent, or give me at least a guide to conduct me home in safety."

" The holy sisters who dwell here will not receive you, nor will any one accompany you."

" Ida covered her face with her hood, and wept afresh. A moment after she looked round, and found herself alone. The great lamp suspended from the centre of the church shed a feeble light. Rising, she walked with trembling steps through the windings of the sacred vaults, and by the least frequented streets of the city, till she arrived at her own habitation. She no longer wept ; a kind of torpid insensibility had seized her faculties. She called to her servant to bring a light : no one answered. She entered the anti-chamber, and the apartments of her women : they were empty. —" I am totally abandoned, then :" said she, as she entered her own chamber. " Heavens ! how have I deserved this fate ? Is there no difference between accusation and conviction ? Am I in reality guilty ? They say, that it is possible to sin without knowing it. Yes, yes : it must be so, and I am certainly a guilty wretch, since every one considers me as such, and the holy father John has refused me absolution."

" Ida was in that terrible situation, from which there is but a step to madness and despair, when she heard an indistinct noise in the anti-chamber. The door opened, and some one called her by her name,

" Who is there ? and what is thy errand ?" said she, in a voice more of alarm and horror than of anger.

" Ida ! my poor unhappy Ida !" continued the stranger, in accents of the most tender affection.

" Ida rose from the floor, on which she was lying. The figure, which was then discernible, by means of a lantern it carried, approached nearer.

" Who art thou ? Art thou one of those terrible and unknown beings, who render justice in secret ?"

" Do you then no longer know me ? Do you not know your father ?" cried the person who entered ; and saying this, he rendered the light of his lantern more vivid, threw off his cloak, and clasped her in his embrace.

" My father ; my saviour ! angel sent from Heaven !" were the words she had just time to articulate, before she fainted in his arms.

Vol. i. p. 221.

Munster, upon inquiring into the nature of the affair, gives the following account of the tribunal.

" By unexpected good luck I found my ancient comrade in the army, the good Walter of whom you have heard me speak, who at the surprise of Bern had the misfortune to lose his hand, and was in consequence obliged to quit the profession of arms. He has told me

me a great many circumstances of the secret tribunal, but his discourse was so obscure, so interlarded with broken expressions, and half formed sentences, that I know not what to think of him. There were, he informed me, persons of various descriptions, knights and their esquires, citizens as well as nobles, in its services. Perhaps he belongs to it himself. Be that, however, as it may, he assured me, that its dreadful summoners were commonly obliged to resort to force to bring before them the persons who were accused; that it was rare for a culprit to appear on the first citation; that they who waited for a second, or a third, were apprehended wherever they were found; but that those who appeared at the first, as you, my dear Ida, will do, had the advantage of inspiring a presumption of their innocence, and were treated with greater lenity. And finally, that the only way of discovering where the secret tribunal assembled, was to repair, three quarters of an hour after midnight, to that part of the town where four streets meet, and where was always to be found a person who would lead the accused blind-folded before the judges.

"I thanked him for his information, and told him that you would carefully observe his directions, and that I was determined to accompany you. Walter, upon this, looked me steadfastly in the face, and asked if I were one of them. Not knowing what was his drift, I made no answer. He looked at me again with still greater earnestness, uttering some incoherent words which I did not understand. Still I was silent. 'Well,' resumed he after a moment's pause, 'we shall see whether you will be permitted to accompany her. At any rate, however, you may be certain she will arrive in safety at the place of destination; the rest depends on her innocence.'

'Whence could proceed the sort of tranquillity, which this mysterious tale of Munster imparted to Ida? for certain it is that she felt relieved from the load that oppressed her, spoke of her situation with composure, formed arrangements respecting the manner in which she should conduct herself, and sought to penetrate the obscurity in which she was involved. It seemed no longer impossible to her to support her misfortune, to face her accusers, and yet survive the shock.'

'Was it that Ida really discovered reasons for hope in what she had heard? Or was it with her, as with a multitude of others who sink at the first gust of an approaching storm, but gradually lift up their heads, as the object of their terror becomes familiar to them? Or was it, lastly, that there are benevolent genii ever ready to administer to their favourites, when their sufferings become too poignant, and mingle in the cup of bitterness some drops of heavenly consolation?

'Whatever were the cause, Ida suddenly became tranquil; she enjoyed during the night the peaceful numbers of innocence, while her

her father sat watching by her pillow, and for the two following days she remained in the same happy state.

‘ At length the night, lately so much dreaded, approached, but brought with it no other terrors, than what a light supper, which the old man had provided, assisted by a glass of wine, were sufficient to dispel. Could their enemies have witnessed the serenity of these two victims of so cruel a fate, it would have inspired them with sensations of envy: their conversation was even gay.

‘ Time passed on. The clock struck twelve, and they scarcely seemed to notice it. “ When the moon is over yon steeple, it will be time for us to be gone,” said Munster, looking out of the window. Their conversation, however, presently slackened, and at length ceased. The fears of Ida began to return.—“ How my heart beats!” said she, laying her hand on her bosom. She walked up and down the room with agitation.—“ Where,” said she, “ is the moon now?”—“ It is . . . Take your hood my child, and let us depart.”—“ Yet one moment,” she replied: and falling on her knees she sighed a short prayer, while Munster re-echoed her sighs. She then put on her hood and they hurried out of the house.

‘ Silently they walked through the streets in which not a person was to be seen. The knees of Ida trembled with cold, while her cheeks were flushed with the crimson of fever. They arrived at the great steeple of St. Bartholomew’s, where met four large streets leading to the extremities of the city. “ Behold, my father, the designated place!” said Ida, with a faltering voice. The moon shone on the spot, while a deep shadow cast its gloom over the distant avenues. Near them, in one of the streets, they saw a man approaching, with slow and solemn steps, whom the dim light of the moon, and the terrors of Ida, transformed into a giant. He was wrapt in a kind of mail, so that his eyes only were visible. He accosted them.—“ Who are you?” said he.—“ Ida Munster and her father.”

“ It is the former I seek. The other may withdraw.”

“ No, I will not withdraw: I will follow her wherever she goes.”

“ You will follow her? that depends on the manner in which you shall answer the following questions. What are the names of these four streets? That which is enlightened by the moon I myself call *fire*; that in the shade *iron*. What are the other two?”

‘ To this unintelligible question Munster made no reply.

“ Begone,” said the man in the mask: “ thou dost not belong to us.”

“ Must I then quit you, my father; must I quit you?” exclaimed Ida, sobbing.

‘ The stranger tore her from the arms of Munster, and pushing him away, somewhat rudely, “ Go,” said he in a tone of voice too gentle to afford with the action that accompanied it: “ you may safely trust your daughter to my care.”

“ Whoſe

"Whose is that voice?" said Munster to himself as he seated himself under the portico of the church. "It is surely familiar to me." Meanwhile Ida was led off by her conductor, who turned once more towards Munster, made a signal to him not to follow, and was soon out of sight.

"Courteous reader, thou wishest, no doubt, to accompany this innocent maiden before her judges: but would it be safe for me to introduce thee to a place which no profane eye has yet explored? Rather let us sit down with honest Munster in the porch of St. Bartholomew's. Look: the moon has disappeared: the dawn begins to peep: we shall soon hear news of the object of our anxiety."

"Munster was as firmly persuaded as you and I can be, that she whom he called his daughter was innocent. Walter had assured him, the preceding day, that if she were found guilty he would never see her more, as these avengers of God caused the sentences they pronounced to be executed on the spot: but he had added, that if there were the least prospect of her justifying herself, she would be safely brought back to him in the morning, by the persons into whose hands he should commit her at night, at the junction of the four streets.

"Firmly relying on the innocence of Ida, the veracity of Walter, and the justice of the secret tribunal, he waited with tranquillity, and he waited not in vain: for, ere the inhabitants of the neighbouring houses were awake, his daughter was in his arms.

"Thou art restored to me, then!" cried Munster: "thou art restored to me! thou art innocent!"

"I am indeed innocent: I swear it by that God, who is my supreme judge; though no one will as yet declare me so. . . . Alas! your poor Ida is restored to you but for a short time. The avenging sword, still suspended over her head, hangs but by a thread. It is required that I should justify myself; and how shall I be able to do this, since there is every appearance against me? Oh! my father!"

"Her sobs prevented her saying more; and leaning on the arm of Munster they silently walked towards their home. Arrived there, she sat down breathless, and resting her head on her hand, wiped her tears as they flowed under her hood.

"Tell me, my dear child, what has passed: conceal nothing from me."

"Alas! I have not long to remain with you. As a particular favour I am permitted to take up my residence with the Ursulines, for a short time, till my affair is finished and I am again summoned before my judges. Do not grieve, my dear father, you may see me there, I have asked leave to receive your visits."

Munster pressed her hand, with the earnestness of anxious affection, and again conjured her to relate her story.

"How shall I describe to you what I felt, when torn from your

arms by my conductor? I thought I should have expired: yet a certain something, that I cannot describe, presently inspired me with confidence. You must yourself have perceived, that the man in the mask treated me neither with cruelty or even harshness; his voice was gentle: by the light of the moon I discovered a tear starting from his eye; and I perceived, a circumstance on which I could not avoid reflecting, that he had lost his left hand. Is it possible, that he could be your friend, the good, the honest Walter?"

"It was, it was," exclaimed the old man: "it certainly was Walter, for I now recollect the sound of his voice."

"Ida continued:—"That discovery calmed my agitation. I found myself not delivered entirely into unknown hands, and you have always spoken to me so highly of Walter, that with him I considered myself as safe. After having walked on for some time, he suddenly threw over my head a thick veil, which so completely covered my face, that it was impossible for me to discern the road we took. One while we passed over what appeared to me uncultivated ground, and then again over ruins: we ascended, and descended: sometimes I fancied myself breathing the air of the fields; at others the sound of our footsteps appeared to be echoed back by surrounding vaults. At length we descended thirty steps, which I counted, I know not why; and my veil being taken off, I found myself in a dark dreary place, where at first I could distinguish nothing. Finding myself extremely fatigued, my conductor permitted me to sit down on a stone. By degrees my eyes became familiarised to the obscurity of the place, and I found myself at the entrance of a large square. Whether I were in the country, or not, I cannot say: but all around me, as far as my view could penetrate, I beheld lofty vaults; and over my head the starry sky. At a distance I observed by the light of torches, which, though there were many, but feebly illumined the vast space, serving scarcely more than to render darkness visible, human figures dressed in black, some of whom came towards us and joined my conductor. They were all masked like him, and conversed only by signs, intermingled with a few abrupt words. Every moment their number increased; and apparently there were several hundred of them. The silence that prevailed in this assembly, interrupted only by my tears and sighs, appeared incomprehensible to me.

"On a sudden I heard the doleful sound of a bell. Three times was it struck; and as often did my heart quake within me. The place was now more enlightened, and I perceived a circle composed of several persons in black, and masked, who, I was informed by my conductor, were my judges.—'You will immediately be called upon: said he to me in a whisper: 'if your conscience be clear, prepare to answer with courage. Take off your hood, you must appear with your face uncovered.'

"Scarcely had he done speaking, when a voice more appalling than the sound of the bell, cried out in a tone of authority:

"Ida

“ Ida Munster ! sorceress ! accused of murder, of high treason, appear ! We, the secret avengers of the Invisible, cite thee before the justice of God ! appear ! appear !” Vol. i. p. 240.

Her second appearance before the same tribunal is thus described with the additional interest of the introduction of Herman as her defender.

“ The spot to which she was this time conducted seemed different from the former. Its canopy was the same, the starry heavens : but it did not appear to be encircled with lofty walls ; on the contrary, the eye was unobstructed on every side, for the little way it could penetrate, except that on that by which they arrived were thick bushes, which probably surrounded the whole place, but were imperceptible on account of their distance. Ida perceived, that the ground on which she walked was turf; and from various circumstances she conjectured herself to be in a wood, with which she was not wholly unacquainted. Possibly she was not mistaken ; for there is no place, as a writer of these times informs us, in which the sessions of the secret tribunal might not be held, provided it were private and secure from surprize.

“ This second assembly was full as numerous as the first, but it was less distinguishable, and perhaps even more silent. The bell gave the accustomed signal, and the voice which Ida had already heard, thus proclaimed :

“ We, the servants of the invisible God, who judge in secret, turn to the four quarters of the globe, and call on the defender of the accused Ida : appear ! appear !”

“ This summons was three times repeated. The scene became more luminous ; and Ida was stepping forward without being called, when her conductor said to her in a low voice : “ remain where you are ; you have to day nothing to answer.”

“ Ida then viewed with more tranquillity these terrible unknown personages ; a mingled sentiment of hope and joy filled her heart, and presently was elevated to transport, when, after the third summons, a figure stepped forward, masked like the others, but of so noble a port, that the young prisoner could not help preferring him to all the assembly.

“ The champion of innocence slowly advanced, and placing himself before the seat of the chief of the tribunal : “ Behold,” said he, “ the defender of innocence : put me to death, if Ida be guilty.”

“ The cause was opened. The questions already put to Ida were one by one repeated ; but she heard them not with the same terror as at first ; for the stranger appeared competent to answer them, and she believed herself perfectly justified. But her judges were not so easy to be convinced. The adventure of the lock of hair, which, in those days of ignorance, appeared so suspicious a circumstance, was still undenied ; the words she had uttered on the subject, to the young

young princess of Ratibor, were equally disproved, and testified strongly against her. The empress beside was still not wholly recovered, and Herman of Unna, whom Ida was accused of having assassinated, it was asserted, was no where to be found.

‘ The champion of Ida demanded that they should wait the recovery of Sophia, before they proceeded to pass sentence, since if the prisoner were guilty, the princess could give much more direct information on the subject, than had hitherto been offered: but this demand was rejected. As to the complaint respecting the murder of Herman, he offered instantly to produce proofs of its falsehood. But on this head silence was imposed on him, and he was ordered to confine himself to the principal charge, that of sorcery. Conscious of the difficulty, not to say impossibility of completely refuting such an accusation, he kept a melancholy silence, which filled the mind of Munster’s daughter with alarm and terror.

‘ Recovering himself, however, he at length said: “ I am aware of the danger of my situation; I am aware, that no one can engage in the defence of a person arraigned before this tribunal, without exposing himself to the same punishment as the culprit, if he be found guilty. Be it so! here I am: put me to death if there be no safety for Ida: but I call heaven and earth to witness, that she is innocent. Tremble, ye judges! her blood will find avengers: she is not the daughter of an obscure citizen; she is the daughter of a prince.”

‘ Instantly a murmur pervaded the whole assembly. The greater part charged him with having invented this fable in order to protract the trial. In consequence it was determined, that he should be confined till he proved his assertion, and he was immediately seized.— “ Oh! they will kill, they will murder him!” exclaimed Ida: and, as she uttered these words, the whole assembly appeared to swim before her eyes in a thick mist, the lights disappeared, her ears rung with fearful noises, and she sunk senseless on the ground.’ Vol. i. p. 276.

The second volume exhibits Ida as the acknowledged daughter of the duke of Wirtemberg. An old feud between the families, as well as Herman’s want of fortune, increases the difficulties of the two lovers. The author again takes advantage of the interest inspired by the mysteries of the secret tribunal, in rendering Herman obnoxious to it on account of a murder, of which, from circumstances artfully thrown together, he is supposed to be guilty. Warned of his danger, he makes a visit to his family, which gives rise to a situation the most striking in the work, and which is wrought up with great effect. In the general group of the family, the reader is presented with a picture of the pride, stiffness, and parade of a true German family of noblesse: to one member of it, however, Herman feels himself particularly attracted; but his relation, who is (unknown to him) a member of the tribunal,

and

and therefore bound by his oath to kill any one condemned by it, behaves to him with a mysterious coldness and reserve, and anxiously avoids all occasions of being alone with him. At length, notwithstanding his precautions, he meets him in a narrow road, and with great expressions of regret stabs Herman and then himself. The wounds of neither however prove mortal, and the tenderest friendship succeeds their encounter.

The scene of the third volume lies chiefly among convents, to which, and to the clergy of those days, the author seems to be no friend. The names of John Hus whose doctrines then began to spread in Bohemia, of Mary the unfortunate wife of Sigismund, and Barbe her rival, frequently occur. It is not, however, so interesting as the former volumes, though it concludes with the union of Herman and Ida, the latter of whom is rescued just in time to prevent her being forced to take the veil.

The peculiar interest of this work, no doubt, rests on the account, so novel and so striking, of the secret tribunal; but perhaps the author has availed himself of it too much, and introduced it rather too often: the story of Ida's visiting it in disguise is totally improbable. As to the translation, we believe it to be faithful; and the style is easy, but has no peculiar pretensions to elegance.

An Inquiry into the Medical Efficacy of a new Species of Peruvian Bark, lately imported into this Country under the Name of Yellow Bark: including practical Observations respecting the Choice of Bark in general. By John Relph, M. D. Physician to Guy's Hospital. 8vo. 3s. Boards. Phillips. 1794.

WE cannot disapprove of the zeal and the diligence of Dr. Relph, though he seems to exaggerate the importance of his object. It almost appears from his language that medicine had lost its principal assistant, till the yellow bark was brought to us; that diseases obstinately resisted every other plan, and we were in danger of their fatal ravages, if not opposed by this powerful auxiliary. In our situation, we have never seen putrid diseases so alarming, gangrenes so rapid, nor intermittents so obstinate, as to require a medicine more powerful than the common bark. Fevers, apparently highly putrid, have, with proper management, required but little aid from the bark: sphacelus has been conquered by the common quilled bark; and intermittents, when there has been no visceral obstruction, have yielded to the same remedy. But, if we really required a more active remedy, there is little reason to expect a continued supply of this more powerful species of the cinchona. It is confessedly brought from a region of Peru far distant

distant from the sea, and is equally scarce and dear. If the supply of the red bark failed,—if avarice and ingenuity found it more easy to imitate a valuable remedy than to continue the importation,—we have little reason to expect that a medicine, procured with greater difficulty and at a more enormous expense, will be imported in a genuine state. In short, we look on the present medicine as a temporary novelty; and, if diseases require bark of no greater activity than those which we continually see, almost as a temporary superfluity. It is time, however, to look at the work before us.

Dr. Relph first gives the history of our knowledge of the bark as a subject of natural history. He omits however one very early, though not an accurate account, that of Johnston, in his *History of Trees*, published in the last century. We have not Johnston before us, but take the fact from the translation of a French publication, where there is a singular and a ridiculous error:—‘the figure thereof given by Johnston may be seen at the end of the *History of Trees*, written by Mantissa.’ (The English Remedy, or Talbor’s wonderful Secret for Curing Agues and Fevers, London, 1682.) The history, in the work before us, is sufficiently accurate; but we wish Dr. Relph had quoted the collections from which his facts are taken, more minutely. We fear the beauty of the page required the sacrifice of this accuracy. As this part, however, is in a great measure a compilation from works generally known, chiefly copied from Murray’s Apparatus, we shall not enlarge on the subject, and shall select an account of all the species from the Copenhagen Transactions, a work more seldom in our reader’s hands.

‘ Professor Vahl, in the Transactions of the Natural History Society at Copenhagen, has arranged all the species of cinchona, of which proper specimens could be procured, into botanical order; and of four of these he has given figures. His first division comprehends all those of which the flowers are hairy, and the stamens are concealed within the tube of the corolla, including

- ‘ 1st. *Cinchona officinalis*, or *C. foliis ovatis lanceolatis glabris, capsulis oblongis.*
- ‘ 2. *C. pubescens,*
- ‘ *C. foliis ovatis basi elongatis subtus pubescentibus, capsulis cylindricis.*
- ‘ 3. *C. macrocarpa,*
- ‘ *C. foliis oblongis subtus pubescentibus costatis.*
- ‘ Having a smooth corolla and stamens longer than the tube.
- ‘ 4. *C. caribaea,*
- ‘ *C. pedunculis axillaribus unifloris,*
- ‘ 5. *C. corymbifera,*

- ‘ C. foliis oblongo-lanceolatis, corymbis axillaribus.
- ‘ 6. C. lineata,
- ‘ C. panicula terminali, foliis ovatis acuminatis glabris, capsulis pentagonis.
- ‘ 7. C. floribunda,
- ‘ C. panicula terminali, capsulis turbinatis levibus, foliis ellipticis acuminatis.
- ‘ 8. C. brachycarpa,
- ‘ C. panicula terminali, capsulis obovatis costatis, foliis ellipticis obtusis.
- ‘ 9. C. angustifolia,
- ‘ C. panicula terminali, capsulis oblongis pentagonis, foliis lineari-lanceolatis pubescentibus.

‘ The first is said to be a native of Loxa, and is described from a specimen in the Herbarium of Jussieu. Vahl refers it to the quinquina figured by Condamine, and to the C. officinalis of the 10th edition of the *Syst. Veget.* or C. panicula brachiata, in the *Species Plantarum*. But on comparing the figure of it, as given by Vahl, with the original specimen preserved in the Linnean Herbarium, a considerable difference is observed. It is therefore probable, that the barks of both species have been indiscriminately imported into Europe for medical use.

‘ The second was likewise obtained from Jussieu, who has stated it to be of the Peruvian species. We find no synonyma of it subjoined, but Vahl supposes it to be the *Quinquia blanc* of Condamine, and our inquiries have convinced us that he is right; and as synonyma of this, we may refer to the *Cascarilla blanca* of Arrot, and to the second species noticed in the report of the Royal Academy of Medicine at Paris, (b. C. *Bogetensis*) said to be brought from Santa Fé; the bark of which is stated to be of a deep yellow colour, approaching to that of turmeric, with little odour, great bitterness, scarcely any astringency, and affording little extract.

‘ The third species which was brought from Santa Fé, and given to Vahl by Mr. Ortega, is referred to the *Cinchona* of Mutis, and described as the officinalis by Linné, in his 12th edition of the *Syst. Veget.* and still retained in the *Supp. Plant.* and in Murray’s *Syst. Veget.* Vahl observes that Mutis could not send the officinal species to Europe, as he never was at Peru, the only country which is known to produce it; besides, the Linnean description here alluded to, neither agrees with the character nor the figure of the *Cinchona* given by Condamine.

‘ This appears to be the first species mentioned in the report made by the Parisian Academicians, and that marked (a) C. *Peruviana*, in the Herbaria of sir Joseph Banks and Dr. Smith. On the testimony of the French Academy, it yields a fourth part of its weight of extract, and is in every respect equal to the best officinal bark, agreeing nearly to the character of the red bark,

‘ Murray describes the bark, from his own specimens, to be in long, flattish, smooth pieces, about a line and a half in thickness; its cuticle is white and warty; the bark is of a brownish yellow, fibrous, and much less bitter than any of the other Peruvian species of *Cinchona*; for though sent from Santa Fé, it was found by Louis Née at Loya, in the kingdom of Peru.

‘ Vahl says, that a few years ago, a considerable quantity of it was imported into Madrid, and continued in great estimation with the physicians there. However, both the bark of this species and that of the *pubescens*, on being tried in this country, were found, according to the report of sir George Baker, inferior to common Peruvian bark, as has been already stated at page 40.

‘ The fourth, seventh, and ninth species, we have already fully noticed, under the same names as here adopted by Vahl.

‘ The fifth species, found by Forster in the South Sea islands, the sixth, a native of St. Domingo, and the eighth, a native of Jamaica, all seem to afford bark possessing a certain share of medicinal power; but to what extent, experiments have not as yet enabled us to give any satisfactory account.’ p. 46.

Mr. Babington’s pharmaceutical observations on this subject are peculiarly interesting. The bitter of this bark predominates in a great degree, and is in a very fixed state, with difficulty extracted by cold water, and impregnating many successive infusions. The same was once, however, said by Dr. Lewis of the common bark; but experiments with different specimens did not confirm the account. The watery extract resembled the foreign extract lately imported; but the extract which comes nearest the bark, with the continuity of its component parts the *least* injured, is that from the spirituous tincture, when the menstruum is rectified spirit.

‘ Of the experiments comprehended under the head of infusion, I conceived it of consequence to attend to the effects of magnesia, which, on common and red barks have been found so materially different. We are informed by Dr. Skeete, and the fact is universally admitted, that when magnesia, whether pure or aerated, is triturated with the powder of common bark, and water gradually added, so as to reduce the mixture first into a paste, and afterwards to render it fluid, the infusion passed through filtering paper, is of a much deeper colour, more bitter and astringent to the taste, produces a more copious precipitation on the addition of vitriolated iron, is of greater specific gravity, and much more powerfully antiseptic, than an infusion of the same bark, made with the water only. But if the powder of red bark be submitted to a similar treatment, neither common nor calcined magnesia is observed to occasion any alteration. This difference in the action of this earthy substance upon

the common and red bark, would seem, as the Dr. observes, to point out a difference in the nature of their constituent parts, which we are not capable of detecting by means of other experiments. The infusion of yellow bark with magnesia, has properties peculiar to itself. If two parts of yellow bark in fine powder, be mixed with one part of pure, or an equal quantity of aerated magnesia, and made into an infusion, by the gradual addition of sixteen parts of pure water; the liquor, when filtered, though somewhat deeper in colour, will not be found in taste either so bitter or astringent, as if no magnesia had been used; and yet when equal quantities of the simple and magnesian infusions are examined by means of a chalybeate solution, in the first, the change of colour is slow, in the other an immediate blackness, as well as a more copious deposition take place. From which I think it is obvious, that whatever be the nature of the bitterness and astringency of bark, considered as separate principles, they vary in different species, not only with regard to their proportions, but also in their mode of combination. The effects of magnesia, in the present instance, I consider as analogous to those which Mr. Scheele has stated, to be produced by lime upon benzoin; in which case, a union takes places between the calcareous earth and the vegetable saline part, commonly called the flowers of benzoin; so here, the astringent and bitter principles of the bark, are chemically combined with the magnesia; occasioning a concealment of their properties, which, on subsequent decomposition, may be recovered unimpaired. Even in the same species of bark I conceive it very possible, that the sapid principles may differ essentially as to their mode of existence, more especially with respect to astringency. In a substance so compounded it seems not unreasonable to suppose, that the principle of astringency may be either united with some other constituent part, and thereby become chemically altered; or that it may exist in a separate form, loose and unrestrained, ready therefore on all occasions to exert its particular effects: or lastly, like the phosphoric acid in urine, it may be partly in a state of combination and partly loose, as would appear to be the case in those experiments, where, after rendering bark completely insipid by one menstruum, we can extract additional astringency by another.' P. 94.

The last conjecture is most probable, and supported by all that Scheele has informed us of the nature of the astringent principle. The same able chemist informs us, that, in repeating M. Fourcroy's experiments on the analysis of bark, he is persuaded they were made with bark 'originally bad in its kind, or that he had allowed the preparations to spoil before his observations were made on them.'—The following observations respecting the use of the bark deserve to be more generally known:—

‘ In remittent fevers, typhus, and other continued fevers, the decoction of the yellow bark has also been successfully employed ; and to these I may likewise add acute rheumatism. For though this last disease is manifestly of the inflammatory kind, yet a remission of the febrile symptoms generally takes place to a degree more or less evident, in the course of every diurnal revolution. In such cases I have no hesitation in saying, that, notwithstanding the fizziness of the blood, and the continuance of the inflammatory symptoms, bark may be safely and efficaciously employed : and under such circumstances I have usually had recourse to the frequent and free exhibition of the yellow bark during the day, and previous to the evening exacerbation ; which I have found to be a very successful practice, and for which I am indebted to Dr. Saunders, who has adopted it many years, and frequently causes the bark to be accompanied with both general and topical blood-letting.’ p. 135.

Various communications from different physicians support the superior efficacy of the yellow bark ; but the letter of Dr. O’Ryan, formerly of Lyons, containing a short description of the putrid remittent, and the effects of the yellow bark in that disease, deserves particular attention. It is the production of a careful observer and a judicious physician.

What we have seen of the yellow bark has been more intensely bitter, but without, according to our judgment, either the aroma or the astringency of the common bark. The bitter approached nearer to the narcotic kind, resembling the columba, or the myrrh, rather than the bark. Yet, in the only instance where we tried it in expectation of superior activity, it completely answered our intention.

An Historical Account of Ludlow Castle ; the ancient Palace of the Princes of Wales, and Supreme Court of Judicature of the President and Council of the Welsh Marches. Compiled from Original Manuscripts, &c. &c. With an Appendix. By W. Hodges, Attorney at Law. 8vo. 2s. 6d. Sewed. Evans. 1794.

THIS is a pleasing little tract, and is ornamented with a neat view of the castle and adjacent country. The scene of Milton’s Comus has a claim even to classical topography.

A remote residence has deprived Mr. Hodges of the use of many books which might have assisted his labours ; but the information which he affords is clear and accurate.

‘ Prince Arthur died in Ludlow castle on the 2d April 1502. His body, according to Speed “ beinge buried with all due funeral solemnities in the cathedral church of Saint Marie’s, Worcester,

where in the south isle of the quire he remaineth entombed in touch or jette, without any remembrance of him by picture." This prince's fate, says history, was deeply lamented by the people of England, who had flattered themselves with the prospect of a happy reign, under a prince of such accomplishments.

" Tradition informs us that the prince's bowels were deposited in the chancel of Ludlow church, and that his heart, contained in a leaden box, was taken up some time ago. This account, which has generally been disbelieved, seems to derive some credit from the following narrative, communicated through a channel of undoubted authority. On opening a grave in the chancel of Ludlow church some years ago, a leaden box was discovered and sold by the gravedigger to one Robert Pitt, a plumber. This circumstance immediately coming to the knowledge of the then rector, Mr. Fenton, the box and its contents were repurchased and restored unopened to their former situation." p. 25.

After an account of the performance of Milton's *Masque*, the author thus proceeds :

" It was in one of the outer towers of this castle that Butler wrote his incomparable *Hudibras* ;—“ a work which contributed more than any other to expose the fanaticism and false pretences of the old republicans. The advantage which the royal cause received from this work was prodigious, yet the king allowed the author, who was a man of probity and virtue, to live in obscurity and die in want.” —If this was really the case, it appears that his distress was more the consequence of his own pride and folly, than of any avaricious temper, or inattention of his sovereign. In making this remark we seem to be justified by the following anecdote. Butler's necessities were well known to all his acquaintance, and yet his pride was such that he disdained to accept of any assistance. A gentleman, in an hour of convivial mirth, had seized an opportunity of conveying a purse containing an hundred guineas into his pocket. Finding it there the next morning, he became extremely uneasy, and considering what company he had been in the day before, dressed himself; went to the gentleman's chambers, charged him with the affront, left the money, and returned expressing much displeasure." p. 42.

The Appendix contains some original papers; and the work is closed with the following modest apology :

" The editor begs leave to return thanks to those ladies and gentlemen who have kindly patronized this little work, which the flattering requisition of several respectable friends has introduced to public notice.—Of its imperfections, the editor is fully sensible, yet he trusts there is little, if any thing, omitted, for which there is any historical authority.

" In the multiplicity of topographical anecdotes, with which the

public has of late years been burthened, it has frequently been wished that the scattered accounts of Ludlow castle were compressed within the compass of a few pages, as a guide to the enquiring traveller, and as a refreshment of the memory of the more informed historian. Should the foregoing pages, in the least degree, contribute to the information or amusement of those who may feel, as it were, an interest in the investigation of a noble edifice which every day presents itself to their view, the purpose of the editor will be fully answered; and he will have a consolation at least, in reflecting that, with all its imperfections, his labours may induce some abler pen to add celebrity to this venerable scene, and to supply the defects of the present attempt.' P. 104.

The Deserted Daughter: a Comedy. As it is acted at the Theatre Royal, Covent-Garden. 8vo. 2s. Robinsons. 1795.

THE hint of this comedy is apparently taken from a very affecting story in the *Adventurer*, in which a licentious father is introduced to his own daughter in a brothel. In adapting it to the stage, however, the tale has undergone a considerable variation; and it is assisted by an excellent under-plot, founded on, what we fear is too common,—the knavery of a steward in plundering his master, a thoughtless and improvident man of fortune and fashion. The comedy is rather of the sentimental than humourous cast. The plot however is very interesting, the moral instructive, and the characters in general depicted with considerable discrimination. The old Scotch servant in particular is an excellent portrait, and may serve as a good counterbalance to Macklin's Sir Archy Macfarsasm. Scotland may produce characters of both descriptions: but we trust and believe the sober and decent inhabitants of that country abound more in Donalds than in those of the opposite description. National character, after all, is in a great measure imaginary, except as far as regards external manners and customs:—human nature is in all countries much the same; and where national portraits are introduced upon the stage, the author, as in the instance before us, should always incline to the side of good-nature.

The character of lady Anne wants a few discriminating touches:—wherever she personally appears, she gives us only the impression of exquisite goodness and refined virtue; yet, from the observations of other characters upon her, some errors are insinuated, which we do not see. Morden, Item, and Mrs. Enfield, are well pourtrayed; and we fear we must reluctantly pay a just compliment to the author at the expence of human nature, in saying, that we believe there exist but

too

too many originals of which these are faithful copies. The author has made a dexterous use of one of the fashionable absurdities of the age, the science of physiognomy, of which, however, if we may judge from his mode of introducing it, he appears to entertain a more favourable opinion than we do.

‘ Act. II. SCENE II. Enter Joanna.

‘ *Mrs. En.* Well, my sweet Joanna; do you think you can love me, and trust me, and follow my advice?

‘ *Joanna.* Are you not my benevolent protectress, and will it not be my duty?

‘ *Mrs. En.* Why that’s a precious! Ay, ay; do but as I desire you, darling, and then!

‘ *Joanna.* Oh, that I will! Come, set me to work.

‘ *Mrs. En.* Ah, I won’t kill you with work. Pretty dear! Those delicate arms!—They were not made for work.

‘ *Joanna.* Fie! You must not tell me that. My mother is dead, and my father—! (firmly) But I must bear my fate with fortitude. Labour is no punishment.

‘ *Mrs. En.* Labour? Oh the beauty! Chicken gloves, my lamb, for those white hands! A noble looking-glass, to see that sweet form! A fine chariot, to shew off your charms! These you ought to have, and a thousand other fine things. Ay, and if you will take my advice, have them you shall.

‘ *Joanna.* Fine things? Chariots? No, no; not for me. To work, to work.—But I’ll willingly take your advice; for, you are so kind, it cannot be ill!

‘ *Mrs. En.* Ill? Heaven protect me! I advise a dear sweet handsome creature to ill?

‘ *Joanna.* Handsome? Fie! an orphan; fatherless!

‘ *Mrs. En.* Ay, very true! Ill? No, no; think me your parent.

‘ *Joanna.* (Snatch and kis her hand) Dear lady!

‘ *Mrs. En.* Ah, my tender lamb! Think of joy! Think of pleasure!

‘ *Joanna.* Be not so kind. You should not soften, but steel my heart! Teach it to have neither fear nor feeling of wrong: to laugh when others weep. Oh! I’ll mock at sorrow!

‘ *Mrs. En.* Do not think of it.

‘ *Joanna.* Did you never see your father?

‘ *Mrs. En.* Anan, dear?

‘ *Joanna.* I never saw mine! Do not even know his name! I had a strange desire to see him once, but once, and I was denied! I am a high spirited girl, but I would have kneeled to him; would have kissed his feet; and was refused.—No matter!

‘ *Mrs. En.* Forget it.

‘ *Joanna.* Well, well!—Courage!—You must let me work.

I'll earn what I eat. I love you for your kindness, but I will not be dependent.

‘ *Mrs. En.* Since you will! You say you can draw?

‘ *Joanna.* It has been my delight. I have studied the human countenance, have read Lavater.

‘ *Mrs. En.* Anan! Will you copy the engraving I shewed you?—

‘ *Joanna.* What, the portrait of that strange?—?

‘ *Mrs. En.* Mr. Morden. (Hanging down a frame.)

‘ *Joanna.* Morden?

‘ *Mrs. En.* Of Portland Place.

‘ *Joanna.* (Examining) I don't quite like him!

‘ *Mrs. En.* Why?

‘ *Joanna.* He's a wicked man.—

‘ *Mrs. En.* Nay—

‘ *Joanna.* A wild eye!—I hope he is not your relation.

‘ *Mrs. En.* No; but has been a very good friend.

‘ *Joanna.* Take care of him!

‘ *Mrs. En.* Can you judge so certainly?

‘ *Joanna.* Looking at such a face, who can fail? (Examining *Mrs. Enfield*) You are a worthy lady; a kind lady; your actions bespeak it; and yet—Don't be angry—there is something about your features—that I don't like!

‘ *Mrs. En.* Bless me, dear!

‘ *Joanna.* I must be wrong, because you are good; but you have not a good countenance. That's strange! I never saw such a thing before!—And the more I look the less I like.

‘ *Mrs. En.* (Aside) Does she suspect me?

‘ *Joanna.* If ever I draw your face, I'll alter some of the lines. I'll make them such as I think virtue ought to have made them; open, honest, undaunted. You have such a number of little artful wrinkles at the corners of your eyes!—You are very cunning!

‘ *Mrs. En.* (In a tremor) What does she mean?

‘ *Joanna.* But what of that? You are kind to me; and I fear no cunning, not I! You found me friendless, have given me work, and I would die to serve you! So I'll copy that wild man's portrait.

‘ *Mrs. En.* Wild?

‘ *Joanna.* Nay, for that matter, you need not fear him; but if you know any vain, foolish young girls, that love flaunting, and will listen to fine promises, bid them beware of him!

‘ *Mrs. En.* (Aside) A little witch.

The favourable reception which this comedy has experienced from the town precludes any necessity for our commendation. Suffice it to say, that we found it not less interesting in the closet, than others have done on the stage; and he must have little taste or feeling who can lay it down before he has finished the last scene.

Sermons on Practical and Important Subjects, by the late Rev. W. F. Jackson, tried and convicted for High Treason, in Dublin, April 23, 1795. 8vo. 4s. sewed. Evans. 1795.

WHEN a person by any remarkable event in his life has made himself famous or infamous in the opinion of his country, we are naturally excited to inquire particularly after his character and general sentiments; and on this account the publisher of these sermons seems to have seized the proper opportunity of giving them to the public. A short Advertisement, which we shall transcribe, is prefixed to them: and the panegyric upon them proves evidently that the author, whatever his public crimes may have been, carried away with him the regret of private friendship.

* Some, if not all the following Sermons, were preached by their unfortunate author, in Tavistock Chapel, Drury Lane, and committed to the press several years ago; but, from a variety of circumstances, the publication has been delayed to this time. The fate of the author will render them an object of curiosity to some, and their intrinsic merit will probably recommend them to others; for whatever blame may have attached to the late conduct of the author, the candid part of mankind will find in these at least something to approve. They are plain and practical, and not destitute of many of the marks of good composition: the subjects are important and striking; the sentiments, in general, interesting and forcible; and the style is vigorous and animated. Impressed with this opinion, the publisher humbly hopes that they may render some service, in the eye of the public, to the memory of the deceased; and also prove of some ultimate benefit to mankind.' P. iii.

A liveliness of imagination rather than solidity of reasoning seems to have been the characteristic of this preacher: he feels sensibly and paints strongly; the animation of his style leads him sometimes beyond the dignity of prose, and his aim is ever to excite the passions on the side of virtue, rather than to calm them by a cold appeal to reason. Throughout, a spirit of orthodoxy runs, which of late years we have seldom seen in similar compositions. The generality of preachers are contented with hinting only at the close of their sermons at the peculiar doctrines which are so violently attacked by the adversaries of the established church: or if they enter more at large on these subjects, it is merely by way of controversy, and very little use is made of them in a practical manner: our preacher, on the contrary, delights to dwell upon them,—seldom loses an opportunity where they can be properly introduced,—does not enter into any controversy about them,—but, conceiving them to be firmly established in the minds of his hearers, is anxious only that they

they should feel the importance of them as sensibly as himself. Thus Simeon is represented advancing to the temple 'to pay adoration unto the infant king of heaven:' in proving Jesus the light of the world, a short summary of the whole on this head is thus given,—' Through the instruction of our incarnate God, we only can become acquainted with those essential articles necessary to further our eternal felicity.' In another place, to enlighten the mind, Christ is said, 'like a ray divine shot from the uncreated glory, to descend to dispel her gloom, and clear her in the tedious road of life.' Speaking of the Jewish faith in our Saviour, we are told in the next sermon, that 'their hopes of pardon were founded on the same Saviour, and they had no notion of redemption, but by the blood of a person in Jehovah, who should become incarnate.' In the following sermon the same idea is more fully enlarged upon—

' To give poor man a second trial; to afford him a further opportunity of gathering the fruit of the tree of life, and enjoy a happy immortality; for this end, a person in Jehovah became himself our surety. The second subsistence in the Godhead descended, if I may so speak, to inhabit, or dwell, in a human body; suffered in this body the punishment due to sin; and having thus ransomed, thus purchased, had a right to distribute eternal life to every repenting believer who should rely upon him only for salvation.

' When I say suffered, I do not mean merely crucifixion; that was the least part of the dismal tragedy. But his soul was made a sacrifice to offended justice; and being perfect God, as well as man, the agonies of his mind no human language can describe.' p. 73.

Farther on, similar thoughts occur—

' We are to thank the sacred Trinity for contriving this gracious method of redemption; to love them for planning it, and the humanity of Christ for executing it; and, after his example, sincerely to love, or wish well to all mankind as our brethren.

' The benefits arising from this holy communion are, that we take heavenly food and support; which, by the assistance of the Holy Ghost, rectifies our minds and actions here, so as to entitle us, through Christ, to the inheritance and love of God hereafter.' p. 75.

In the next sermon the doctrine of the Trinity is thus briefly explained :

' From the word of God we also learn, that there are three persons in the divine essence, each jointly possessed of infinite power, justice and love. We are told in Scripture, that they entered into a mutual covenant, or oath, for the redemption of man; the one to satisfy infinite justice, upon man's surety, instead of the offender himself;

himself; the other to join the human nature to his divine; become, if I may be allowed the expression, our bondsman; suffer the penalty, and pay the debt due to infinite justice for every son of Adam: and the third, by suggesting proper considerations, influence our minds, by faith and obedience, to accept the blessing.' P. 88.

Speaking of the fall, he is led of course to consider our redemption—

‘ To prevent this dreadful catastrophe from plunging the human race into eternal ruin, the scheme of our redemption was planned by the Persons in the Godhead; and, in the fulness of time, compleated, in all its parts, by the second subsistence of the Divine Essence.

‘ By this wonderful œconomy, infinite Mercy made satisfaction to infinite Justice for the crimes of all mankind; infinite Love accepted the atonement, and graciously pardoned the offender: infinite power stood engaged to promote, carry on, and fulfill each article that tended to restore man to the favour of the Almighty, or further his eternal felicity.

‘ Thus were the divine attributes harmonized, and man was admitted to a second trial. The terms on his part to be performed, were rendered more easy; additional motives were added to love the Creator; and all our happiness can be ascribed to him only, who is the very fountain of love, goodness, and benignity.

‘ This, this is the gospel of Christ; this the redemption purchased for us by the blood of our incarnate God; this the source of every blessing poor man can ever hope to enjoy in time or in eternity.’ P. 150.

We should transcribe the greater part of the sermons, if we were to copy every part which had an allusion to, or an explanation of the doctrines of the Trinity, the incarnation, the atonement, the redemption:—they, or some of them, are introduced into every sermon; and instead of making morals the foundation of religion as is too much the practice, every incitement to good morals is drawn from the love manifested, according to the orthodox system, in the plan of man's redemption.

From the eagerness of our author's mind, he is not sufficiently attentive to the selection of words: he talks frequently of ‘ religious squabbles,’ ‘ blundering man,’ ‘ the divine hero,’ ‘ chattering nonsense;’ and at other times he deals too much in metaphors and figurative language. Yet throughout are interspersed many valuable sentiments; and the ardour of his conceptions might probably, to a certain class of hearers, have made him a very valuable preacher. We cannot however give our approbation to this species of pulpit eloquence; and, if we think him an object of imitation to the clergy in general for

for bringing forward so strenuously the important topics of his faith, we should recommend them to avoid that flowery style, which is calculated rather to attract the attention of the hearers to the preacher than to themselves.

His reflections on nominal Christians deserve attention—

‘ But when contrary to this, we are Christians in name only ; when the heart is little, if at all, affected ; when we go to church, because it happens to be the custom of the country in which we live, and are sure never to be seen there the latter part of the day, for fear we should be thought in earnest ; besides, it is unpolite, and quite out of vogue amongst those whom we call people of fashion ; when we are content with the form, and neglect the power of godliness ; are quite satisfied, so we live regular, sober, decent, and free from any atrocious act, not considering that this may be owing to constitution, bodily complexion, habit, or refined education ; when we repeat the capital articles upon which our salvation depends, just as a school-boy does his lesson, and understand no more of the matter than what we have picked up at school or in the nursery ; when we think, that because we have been baptized, and belong to this or that church, are called after this or that sect or party, all is safe and right ; God is a most merciful Being, and therefore, though we cannot tell why or how, we shall certainly be happy after death : when this is the case ; when such flimsy stuff is substituted in the place of the all-atoning blood of our great High Priest ; no wonder religion, that is, the form of it, becomes so tedious and irksome : no wonder we grow dull, heavy, and yawn over prayers we enter not into the spirit of : no wonder we prefer any place to the house of God, any day to the Sabbath, or any company to the great and mighty Jesus.

‘ The truth is, that, not having seriously considered the benefits we enjoy by his passion, we may love him not in the manner that we ought ; for it is arrant nonsense to talk of esteeming a person we are endeavouring to run away from, and avoid.’ P. 134.

The life of fashion is well described—

‘ Vanity supplies the place of sense and reason ; affectation is introduced in the place of honest-hearted sincerity ; prompt truth is sacrificed to politeness ; too conceited to be convinced of their own wretchedness ; too proud to rely upon the merits of another for salvation ; too idle to be well employed : and too well bred to be sincerely religious. Possessed of so many destructive qualities, it is no wonder the opulent dissipate their lives in thoughtless gaiety, and grow grey in trifling.’ P. 177.

That our preacher can mistake the sublime, will appear evident from the last extract which we shall transcribe.

‘ What though the thunder roars, the frame of nature cracks, creation rocks or shakes again, and flaming fire devours the world ; nay,

may, what though the trumpet sounds, the dead awake, or hell, wide-opening its tremendous jaws, loud yawns a groan that echoes through the universe. What though more than this should happen; your hearts are fortified with peace divine; the blood of Christ has silenced any accusations of conscience; reconciled unto God by your Saviour's merits; cleansed from all iniquity: the ruins of ten thousand worlds can never separate you from your gracious intercessor.' P. 217.

From these extracts, the literary character of our author may be well appreciated: and his fate brings naturally to our mind the recollection of a popular preacher, whom he resembled in eloquence, and was on the point of following in his death.

MONTHLY CATALOGUE.

POLITICAL.

The Substance of a Speech intended to have been delivered in the House of Commons, on Mr. Grey's first Motion for Peace, on Monday, January 26, 1795, 'That it is the Opinion of this House, that the Existence of the present Government of France ought not to be considered as precluding, at this Time, a Negotiation for Peace.' By Sir Richard Hill, Bart. Member for the County of Salop. To which is added, his Speech on the first Day of the Session. 8vo. 1s. Stockdale. 1795.

SO much has the doctrine of passive obedience and confidence in ministers lately prevailed, that it appears, a member of parliament must not venture to give a vote against administration in any case of importance, without a suitable *apology*. Reverencing, as we do, the constitution, not as established in Mr. Pitt's friends, but in king, lords, and commons, we cannot but think this an unnecessary part of the duty of so independent a member as Sir Richard Hill. However, his sentiments are valuable, notwithstanding the manner of their introduction; and he delivers them with the unaffected plainness and firmness of a man anxious only for the welfare of his country. The following short extract will be no unfavourable specimen of sir Richard's manner, which is occasionally facetious.

'Very curious are the different arguments which, this year and the last, have been adduced in favour of the war. Last year, it was frequently said, "Would you make peace now we have recovered all Flanders and Brabant, and when our success has been so rapid, that we may soon expect to drive all our enemies to the very gates of Paris?" And, if report be true, the allied generals, after taking Valenciennes, had even fixed the day of their arrival there! This

‘ This year the language is, “ Would you have us propose peace, whilst our enemies are in possession of all Brabant and Flanders, and even of Holland? let us prosecute the war with vigour; and not hold the language of despondency; our resources are yet powerful, our affairs will soon take a more favourable turn.” But if we are not to make peace when we have good success, nor yet when we have bad success, when is peace to be made? Shall it be said, when we have middling success?

‘ Thus we go on, through contradictions and inconsistencies, prosecuting the war with vigour, till we can hardly tell whether a recruit, or a shilling to enlist him, will with most difficulty be met with; whilst the voice of the people on every side of us, is “ give us peace, or we are all undone.” This peace, however, we are told, is to be obtained through war. Our enemies must first be humbled, and then they will submit to our own terms.

‘ But do we consider how this *submission* and *humiliation* are to be had? Can our present sick and reduced army in Germany do us any good? Alas! we hardly know how to get them home, or even where they may be at this moment. Shall we add two hundred thousand men to their number, which, when we consider the immense force of the French, would hardly be adequate to encounter them? Where can we get these men, and where money to pay and keep them? Shall we still fly to the emperor, and to the king of Prussia, to landgraves, and margraves, to German princes and electors? Alas! we have tried and paid them, and paid and tried again, and to what purpose, unless to their own disgrace or ours? Yet I doubt not but they are willing to go on as long as we please, receiving English money with one hand, to carry on the war with vigour, whilst they are preparing to sign negotiations of peace with the French republic with the other.

‘ Of the immense sums thus appropriated, what is given, is lost to this country for ever; and for what is on loan, we shall probably receive (principal and interest included) the prodigious return of ~~ccccccccccccc~~.

‘ Shall we think of sending more men from our own country? Indeed we have none to spare, they are all wanted at home, for self-defence, and if we were to send them, it is but too probable they would attempt the crusade, only to be cut in pieces, having now no retreat, either by sea or land.

‘ But there are also several trifling matters to be done, before the *humiliation* and *submission* we expect, can be attained.

‘ We must re-conquer all Holland, Zealand, and the barriers of both. We must regain all the Netherlands, with every fortified town on the banks of the Rhine, which the French have taken since the beginning of the war. We must then drive them out of Italy, and dispossess them of all their great conquests in Spain.

‘ Now how will our enemies be humbled and brought to *sub-mission*,

mission, till these preliminaries for peace be effected, and supposing our arms were to be ever so victorious, is it likely that they will be effected in a period much short of the duration of the Trojan war, and without sacrificing the lives of thousands, and tens of thousands of our countrymen and fellow Christians? And who can anticipate even victory, in such cases, without shuddering at the very idea?"

P. 14.

Constitution des Atheniens. Ouvrage traduit du Grec de Xenophon,
8vo. 1s. Elmsley. 1793.

Constitution of the Athenians, containing curious and interesting Details of the Methods adopted by that ancient People to preserve a Spirit of Democracy in their Commonwealth; and exhibiting a striking Contrast between the Blessings of a limited Monarchy, and the hideous Doctrines of Fanatical Republicans. Translated from the Greek of Xenophon, with a Preface and Notes, by James Morris.
8vo. 1s. 6d. Owen. 1794.

Xenophon's Defence of the Athenian Democracy; translated from the Greek. With Notes, and an Appendix, containing Observations on the Democratic Part of the British Government, and the existing Constitution of the House of Commons. 8vo. 2s. Nicol. 1794.

This is a translation of a little piece of Xenophon, of which some, though seemingly without reason, have doubted the authenticity; and others have differed concerning the intent. It is called, *A Defence of the Athenian Democracy*; and the French translator takes much pains to prove that it was written before the banishment of its author, and that therefore he could not intend to censure the constitution to which he was then attached. But, be that point as it may, the whole strain of the treatise shews, that, under the veil of an apology, and with a tone of affected gravity, he treats the system of democratic government in a strain of keen and caustic satire. I do not pretend, says he, to enter into the question of the preference of different forms of government; I do not justify the democratic form; but I shall shew, that, having adopted that form, the Athenians do right to support it in the only manner it can be supported, that is to say, by continually mortifying and pulling down the rich, the well-born, the people of honour and principle, in other words, *les gens comme il faut*, and by flattering and raising into consequence the low and worthless, the *people*,—in French, *the canaille*,—Anglèè, the *swinish multitude*. ‘The Athenians can very well discérn the men of worth and virtue who are among them, but for that very reason they do not chuse to give them their confidence, they do not suit their purpose, they would destroy the democracy. The Athenians are blamed for not expediting the numéros causes which come before them from the allies and tributary states; but how should they dispatch them? more causes come before this sovereign people in a twelvemonth than before all the rest of the

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world,

world, and besides, they have twice as many holidays as any other nation; they go from sacrifice to sacrifice, they amuse themselves, they have not time. I know indeed, says he, that money will very much quicken the dispatch of justice at Athens: but even with money they cannot do every thing. In short, I do not blame the Athenian people for preferring a democracy; they well understand their interest in so doing; but if any one, who is not a citizen of Athens, prefers settling in a democratic state, rather than in one where the government is more aristocratic, you may set him down for a man who has some criminal project, for which the popular form of government is more favourable.'—This is evidently the language of satire, not of apology. It is to be observed, that Xenophon does not so much attempt to *prove* that the lower class have less integrity than those vulgarly called their betters, as, taking that for granted, to shew that *therefore* they must favour those who most resemble themselves.—Our readers will easily see *why* this treatise has been at present produced, both in French and English, even without its being pointed out by the notes and the preface. Of the two translations, that of Mr. Morris seems to be rendered more immediately from the French. The other, which is anonymous, is accompanied by an Appendix; the drift of which is to shew that the British constitution has infused into it *full as strong a dose of republicanism* (the words of the French translator) as it can bear, and to reprobate all attempts to improve it by reforming the representation. On this head it is curious to observe how the ministerial writers have changed their ground. Since the defects and corruptions of our representation have been exposed in so glaring a light that it is impossible for any one to be ignorant of their nature and extent, they stand up boldly, and tell us that the house of commons never was, nor was ever intended to be, a representation of the people, and that it answers its purpose much better without. To such statements one can hardly help crying out, as is sometimes done in the house, *hear! hear! hear!*

' Some of the political writers of the present day have considered perfect representation as the grand arcanum unknown to the ancients, which enables modern times to enjoy all the advantages of democracy, divested of its ill consequences and its precarious tenure. But this is merely theory; for the experiment has never been tried, at least in large communities. The only representative legislatures before the French revolution (a model, I presume, no one would wish to copy), were the British house of commons, the British colonies, and the assemblies of the independant states of America. But the colonies are subject to the coercion of the parent state, and the United States of America are not yet arrived at maturity, either of opulence or population; they are small, and divided, and yet at the same time their separate interests are controuled by one general bond of confederation, something resembling the United Provinces of the

Nether-

Netherlands; and it still remains to be proved by the test of experience, if their representation is capable of keeping them from degenerating into a pure democracy, or if they can be able to ensure themselves a long continuance of British freedom, till they have the boldness to imitate the British constitution more nearly than they do at present; a measure which, in the opinion of one of their own statesmen, they may probably in time find it necessary to adopt *. Then the British house of commons only remains as an example; but the representation here is allowed to be imperfect. True! replies the reformer; but it is so from its being corrupted:—trace it back to its first principles, and it was perfect. But how are we to recur to first principles that never existed? Ever since the house of commons has had its proper momentum in the government, it has been (excepting the forty five Scotch members) exactly constituted as it is at present. Old Sarum † was not better inhabited in the reign of James the First than it is now, and of the popular representation of Aylesbury, in the reign of queen Elizabeth, the rolls of parliament bear a curious testimony ‡. To what part of our history then are we to look for this wonderful æra of perfect representation, and its blessed consequences, from which the degeneracy of the present times has fallen? Are we to seek for it during the reign of the Norman invader and his successors? amidst the turbulence of the Plantagenets, the oppression of the Tudors, the pedantic tyranny of the Stuarts, the democratic madness of a fanatic parliament, or the arbitrary go-

* “ In future ages, if the present states become great nations, rich, powerful, and luxurious, as well as numerous, their own feelings and good sense will dictate to them what to do: they may make transitions to a nearer resemblance of the British constitution, by a fresh convention, without the smallest interruption to liberty. But this will never become necessary, until great quantities of property shall get into few hands.” Adams’s Defence of the Constitutions of the States of America, vol. i. page 71.

† Old Sarum is the place first pointed out by the advocates for parliamentary reform, as a glaring instance of abuse in the representation. I confess, I think the representation of New Sarum much more reprehensible: the electors of Old Sarum have no immediate connections whom they can be tempted to oppose by their interest in parliament; but I conceive many local inconveniences may be inflicted on the inhabitants of Salisbury, by the influence of the corporation, who enjoy the sole right of election in that city.

‡ To all Christian people, to whom this present writing shall come. I Dame Dorothy Packington, widow, late wife to Sir John Packington, Knt. lord and owner of the town of Aylesbury, sendeth greeting. Know ye, me the said Dame Dorothy Packington, to have chosen, named, and appointed my trusty and well beloved Thomas Litchfield, and George Burden, esqrs. to be my burgesses of my said town of Aylesbury: and whatsoever the said Thomas and George, burgesses, shall do in the service of the queen’s highness, in that present parliament to be holden at Westminster the eighth day of May next ensuing the date hereof, I the same Dame Dorothy Packington, do ratify and approve to be my own act, as fully and wholly as if I were, or might be present there; in witness whereof, to these presents I have set my seal, the fourth day of May, in the 14th year of the reigne of our sovereign Lady, Elizabeth, by the grace of God, of England, France, and Ireland, queen, defender of the faith, &c.” Brady on Boroughs, Append. p. 50.

vernment of a despotic usurper? or, shall we go still farther back [1], and try to trace it among the dark recesses of Saxon ignorance, or the yet remoter period of British barbarism?" p. 62.

It would be unfair to deny that this author writes with temper and a knowledge of his subject.

The Grounds of Aldermen Wilkes and Boydell's proposed Petitions for Peace, examined and refuted. By J. Reeves, Esq. 8vo. 1s. Downells. 1795.

A humorous defence of the war, smuggled under the name of J. Reeves, esq. of Crown and Anchor memory; but not likely to be patronised by that gentleman. The author has a considerable portion of wit, which some may think he has employed on a subject which is really *no joke!*

The History of Robespierre, Political and Personal. Containing, his Principles, Actions, and Designs, in the Jacobine Club, Commune of Paris, Constituent Assembly, and the Convention. The Whole comprehends interesting Particulars respecting his commencing Politician, establishing his Tyranny, and falling the Victim of national Vengeance. Interspersed with interesting Traits and curious Anecdotes of remarkable Characters. To which is added, a brief Sketch of his Person, Life, and Manners. 8vo. 3s. Crosby. 1794.

This is rather a sketch of the events of the French revolution than an history of Robespierre. The author indeed, attributing all its movements to the secret interference of that extraordinary man, brings him continually to view; but in this he has evidently assumed too much.

Robespierre was born at Arras, the capital city of Artois. He was nephew to Damien, who was broken on the wheel, Jan. 5, 1757, for attempting to assassinate Louis XV. He is stated to have been in so low a situation as porter in a shop in Dublin. But, returning to France, he began the profession of the law, which he practised in Paris, with all the respectability of a pettifogger in England. His versatile genius, desperate ambition, and unprincipled nature, directed his practice to enormities, which filled his purse, and increased his infamy. In this profession, he took the advantage of substituting his own name, instead of that of the legatee, in a will. For this mal-practice he was sent to prison, where he is said to have commenced his first acquaintance with Marat.

Plausible and insinuating in his discourse, he had the greatest power for popular delusion. With a voice gentle, words selected, and arguments accompanied with asseverations, that seemed dictated by the purest principles, he seduced the multitude into a most confident opinion of his patriotism and integrity.

¹ The reader will recollect that I am speaking here of the perfection of the constitution, not the imperfect outline of it, which is certainly to be traced in the rude code of the northern tribes that over-ran the Roman empire.'

Livid in complexion, puny in body, and brutal in countenance, many have been surprised that he should be capable of fascinating a people, so as to enable him to become the instrument of their destruction. His cruel, vindictive, and rapacious aspect, disgusted the sight, while his affected sentiments of patriotism extorted applause and admiration. The energy of his words supplied the deficiency of a voice, naturally weak, and enfeebled with disease. Possessing no passions which he could not controul, he was always sufficiently collected to take advantage of those of others, except when hope left him no prospect of success but from desperation. It was his aim to deceive all, and to be duped by none. His friendship was to direct the acts of others to his own advantage; and his enmity was more excited against those to whom he owed the greatest obligations, than to his real and avowed opponents. Those who could no longer serve him, fell the victims of his ingratitude and disappointment. Such as he dreaded, he tried to delude into a confidence of his virtue; but his most open and inveterate foes have escaped his vengeance, by his not daring to lead them to sacrifice. He coalesced with every person that could aid his designs, and whose confidence he could obtain; but he retained more in his service by fear than by friendship. The most intimate of his associates were the most jealous and suspicious of his principles. He owed his rise more to the error of popular opinion, than to any brilliancy of talent. His ambition began to pourtray itself, when he said, in 1784, that he wished to become procureur general of the parliament of Paris, that he might excite public attention. In this situation, he saw the means of gratifying his insatiate thirst of fame. With this motive, he seems to have entered the states general. Here he is stated to have appeared a silly demoniac, and to have excited a general contempt of his talents.

‘ Unassuming in success, simple in manners, negligent in dress, and moderate in his living, he appeared incorruptible to the people. By the transgressions of others, he justified himself. Whatever he determined to perpetrate, his pretence and excuse were founded on some plea of necessity, arising from a violence he would oppose, or an injury he would avert. A stranger to humanity, he never pardoned; but always punished, without remorse. His ferocity, and sanguinary disposition, rendered him capable of every social outrage. This temper, aided by Marat, and afterwards by Barrere, Couthon, St. Just, and Lebas, impelled him to invite the populace, whom he governed, to incessant pillage and murder. Like the common robbers of the woods and forests in France, he first took the lives that he might afterwards despoil his victims.’ p. 2.

This is nearly the whole of the private history of Robespierre given in this publication, which is evidently calculated to gratify the curiosity of the moment, and by no means to be considered as an authentic piece of biography; indeed some parts of it we know to be false.

Reasons for quitting a Country Neighbourhood. In a Letter to a Friend. 8vo. 1s. 6d. Owen. 1795.

The writer of this Letter appears to have quitted his country residence for reasons which will be equally applicable to every neighbourhood, and to every part of the world where polished society, as it is called, is to be found. He disliked whist, drinking, aristocracy and democracy, and some parts of the Gospel of St. John; and he found neighbours who made these *objections*, and rendered his situation so irksome that he determined to visit another hemisphere. All this may be very prudent and wise in his case, and very satisfactory to his friends; but what interest the public can derive, we are unable to discover; — nor do we think it very respectful to charge eighteen pence for eleven pages of the murmurings of an unknown individual.

Church and State heterogeneous; or a Layman correcting the Vicar of Duffield, in Reply to a Pamphlet, entitled 'A Sermon against Jacobinical and Puritanical Reformations.' Part the First. 8vo. 1s. 6d. Symonds. 1794.

This author endeavours to prove that a union of church and state has no foundation either in religion or sound policy; that a national establishment of any particular form of worship has a natural tendency to weaken the hands of government, and to introduce corruption into the church, which has begot persecutions, and occasioned revolutions in the state. Such of this author's arguments as are new, have little foundation. Those which are borrowed have long since been refuted. He may enjoy a temporary triumph over the vicar of Duffield; but he has gained no victory over the church.

A Picture of the Times, in a Letter addressed to the People of England, by a Lover of Peace. 8vo. 3d. Ridgway. 1795.

A hasty sketch, not from the pen of a great master, but by one who makes up in colour what he wants in composition.

Hints to Opposition: in a Letter addressed to the Right Hon. C. J. Fox. 8v. 1s. Pridden. 1795.

'The service done to the public,' says this author, 'by that which is called the Opposition, when applied to the measures of government, is so great, that one cannot but lament whenever it is directed against the government itself.' — And we assure him that wherever this is the case we shall join most cordially in his lamentations, although we are not at present disposed to think that the Opposition, with a few exceptions whom he does not name, is constituted of men, who seem to have no other rule of conduct but their natural love of disorder, and a desire to render those of their fellow-subjects, who have either property or character, they having neither, as wretched and contemptible, if it was possible, as themselves.' — Assertions like these, however, are very harmless when proceeding from

from a man who says, what is pretty obvious, that he is 'not of consequence enough to have either political friends or political foes.' It follows (p. 8.) that 'he has nothing either to hope or fear from the present attorney-general or solicitor-general:' and although he dates from Lincoln's-inn, we are induced to suppose that he has no nearer connection with that seat of legal knowledge than as overlooking it from his garret in Chancery-lane.

Confusion's Master-Piece; or Paine's Labour's Loft. Being a Specimen of some well-known Scenes in Shakespeare's Macbeth. Revived and improved: as enacted by some of his Majesty's Servants before the Pit of Acheron. By the Writer of the Parodies in the Gentleman's Magazine. 4to. 1s. Pridden. 1794.

According to the rule that 'a joke is a joke, let who will feel,' we have no very serious objection to this piece of waggery, and shall not by any harshness of criticism disturb the author, or question his official capacity as 'Writer of the Parodies in the Gentleman's Magazine.' We shall only suggest, that a talent for humour may be better employed than in the confirmation of vulgar prejudices.

D R A M A T I C.

The Mysteries of the Castle; a Dramatic Tale, in Three Acts: as performed at the Theatre-Royal, Covent-Garden. Written by Miles Peter Andrews, Esq. 8vo. 2s. Longman. 1795.

Count Montoni, a Sicilian nobleman, having obtained, through her father's interposition, the hand of Julia, but not her affections which were engaged to another, nor the possession of her person which she constantly refuses him, shuts her up in an old castle at Palermo, and spreads the report of her death. In the mean time her lover Don Carlos, with his friend Hilario, having heard some whispers of foul play, resolves to visit the castle, and arrives just in time to save his mistress from being stabbed by Montoni, who, irritated by her aversion, has formed a plan to murder her. The lady is restored to her father, who resolves to hide her in a convent, as well as his other daughter Constantia, the mistress of Hilario. The rest is a series of escapes, adventures, and harlequin tricks, which end in the father's being suddenly reconciled to his daughters, and bestowing them on their lovers. It is one of those pieces which must depend on song and scenery. The story is partly taken from Mrs. Radcliffe's excellent romance; but we fear that lady will not feel herself flattered by the relationship.

Crotchet Lodge; a Farce, in two Acts. As performed at the Theatre-Royal Covent-Garden. Written by Thomas Hurlstone, Author of Just in Time, a Comic Opera in Three Acts, the British Recruit, &c. 8vo. 1s. Longman. 1795.

The characters in this farce are a spouting landlord at an inn,
H 3 a lady

a lady who pretends to science in music, and continually miscalls the terms; a Welsh country esquire; a gout doctor, who is himself a martyr to the gout; a duplicate of the gout doctor, in the person of a valet, who passes for him by means of a suit of flannels and a crutch; an heiress, the destined bride of the Welsh esquire, and a needy gentleman, who contrives by the help of the valet to run away with her. The humour consists in a disguise, a wooden leg, provincial accent, and a little smartness of dialogue, with a good many puns.

L A W.

Observations on the Law of Treason; wherein is attempted to be shewn, that Conspiring to Levy War is not Treason by the Law of England. 8vo. 1s. 6d. Johnson. 1794.

The author of this short publication has proved himself to be a man of a strong mind and comprehensive information. Without wishing to monopolise all legal knowledge, we think that it is scarcely possible for a non-professional man to treat so delicate and deep a point of law with that satisfactory precision and justice that its importance requires. The intention of this gentleman, in stepping forward at a very alarming crisis for the laudable purpose of ascertaining the law of treason, is highly commendable. His efforts are sanctioned by the spirit of the most constitutional acts of our parliament, and must necessarily be countenanced by every well-wisher to the liberty of mankind. The whole doctrine of high treason has been so fully gone into in the course of the late trials, that less attention will now be paid to voluntary and subordinate and particularly non-professional essays upon that subject. England can never sufficiently express her grateful sense of the exquisite and sound exposition of the law of treason, which the late state trials have brought forth from the talents and powers of Messrs. Erskine and Gibbs.

Our anonymous author has been very judicious in his observations upon a prevailing and very pernicious bent of public prejudice.

‘ When I was on the point of concluding, I was stopped by a most dangerous doctrine, which is continually rung in our ears by the low retainers of ministry, and re-echoed by all the fools and thoughtless coxcombs in the nation; a doctrine which has its foundation, not in any general principle of law, or reason, or policy, but in the personal characters, and personal circumstances of the unfortunate individuals accused. Hang them, they are a parcel of rascals, and the sooner they are got rid of the better. I shall not dispute the premises with these judicious gentlemen, because, being utterly unacquainted with the persons in question, I have no means of ascertaining the truth, or demonstrating the falsehood of the general imputation. I must content myself, therefore, with entering my humble caveat against the conclusion deduced from it. I have always

always been fond of study, and particularly of the study of history. This has led me to remark, that never did any tyranny establish itself among the sons of men, which did not begin with some plausible pretext, or some name musical to the ears of the vulgar. It either strutted in the proud robes of liberty, or assumed the demure precise demeanor of public order. But whatever disguise it put on, the first victims of its powers were always men generally obnoxious; in respect of whom the irregularity of the proceeding was excused in the apparent equity of the sentence.' P. 42.

The author has taken an opportunity of introducing a note upon so very interesting a topic, that we think it advisable to throw it under the eye of the public, now uncommonly jaundiced in viewing the application of the first principles of political truth to the preservation of our constitution.

' If, indeed, we were to suppose so improbable a case, as that a prince of the house of Brunswick should ever forget the obligations he lies under to his people, and pursue measures, or harbour sentiments, inimical to their liberties, the atrocity of his crime would far exceed any thing which may be charged on the worst of the Stuarts. He would stand convicted of the blackest perfidy and ingratitude. The Stuarts could trace their title to the crown through a long line of royal ancestors which lost itself in the obscurity of time. The memory of an original popular grant, if any such ever took place, was obliterated by length of duration, and the loss or destruction of all vouchers and records. But a century is not yet elapsed since the people of this country, by a free and voluntary act, transferred one of the richest crowns in the universe from its former lawful proprietor, to the person from whom George the Third derives his right to the obedience of his subjects. The deed of conveyance is recorded in our statute-book. The act was too solemn and well attested ever to be forgotten; and while it sanctifies the power, it proclaims the duties of a sovereign of these realms.' P. 18.

The Country Gentleman's Lawyer; and the Farmer's complete Library, containing all the Laws now in Force which particularly relate to Country Gentlemen, Farmers, Graziers, Clergymen, Landlords, Carriers, and Persons who reside principally in the Country, down to Michaelmas Term 1794. In which is included the Whole Laws respecting Horses; buying stolen or unsound Horses, warranted or not warranted, &c. Horse-Racing; Coaches, Waggon, Carts, &c. The Laws relating to Carriers, Cattle, Sheep, Wool, Butter and Cheese; Tithes; a complete Digest of the Game Laws, &c. the Acts of Parliament and adjudged Cases respecting Ponds, Rivers, Fishing, Bridges, Woods, Underwoods, Inclosures, Roots, Shrubs, Plants, Cabbages, Carrots, Turnips, Potatoes, Farsnips, Beans, Peas, &c. By William Marriot, of the Inner Temple, Esq. Barrister at Law. 8vo. 2s. Stratford. 1795.

This is a very useful compilation for every person, that wishes to

possess some knowledge of the law, as it affects the more ordinary occurrences in political society. It is often dangerous for non-professional persons to dip into books, from which they may be supposed to draw professional knowledge. It is, however, satisfactory to have a source of information at hand, when an opportunity does not offer of advising with a man of knowledge and confidence: it may, indeed, be more beneficial frequently to guide one's self by such information, than by the weak or artful counsels of ignorant or mercenary practitioners. The industry of this author is highly commendable, because beneficial and useful to many members of the society: his compilation appears judicious and correct.

A Calm Inquiry into the Office and Duties of Jurymen in Cases of High Treason: with seasonable Remarks. Earnestly recommended to their Attention in the present Crisis. 8vo. 1s. Jordan. 1794.

This sensible, temperate, and interesting essay, though written upon the spur of the occasion, well deserves to survive the wreck of time and violence. We sincerely hope that there may be no more pressing occasion for jurymen to be so strongly reminded of their office and duty. Our author has done it with great accuracy, precision, and candour. It is to be lamented, that any reasons exist to induce authors, who so ably and honourably stand up for the purity of the constitution, and the due execution of legal justice, to suppress their names. This species of timidity, if grounded in reason, bespeaks the reality,—if occasioned by apprehension, proves the danger of an arbitrary system of oppression and cruelty little congenial with the spirit of the British constitution.

The immediate object of this author is to impress upon the minds of his readers, that jurymen cannot admit of any constructive or new species of treason, under any circumstances whatever. As the statute of Edward III. expressly provides, *that if any other case, supposed to be treason, which is not above specified, doth happen before any judge, the judge shall tarry, without going to judgment of the treason, till the cause be shewed and declared before the king and his parliament, whether it ought to be judged treason or other felony.* He properly and strongly cautions his countrymen, who might be called upon a jury, steadily to set their faces against admitting, as high treason, what the lord chief justice Eyre expressly confessed in his Charge to the grand jury, *was a treason of a nature for which no statute had provided, and which no lawyer had ever dared to contemplate in its fullest extent.*

‘ Let the jury then beware how, by their decision, they give countenance to the introduction of new treasons, or open the flood-gate for a torrent of abuses, which, if suffered to rush in under the shape of constructive treasons, may overwhelm the constitution.’

P. 39.

The conclusion of our author bespeaks the general aim of his essay.

‘ If

* If the British constitution is to stand, it must owe its security to itself, it must be supported on its own principles; to lose sight of these from an apprehension of temporary danger, in order to find new means of safety, would be to sap the foundation in a vain attempt to prop the superstructure.

‘ Into the question of the guilt or innocence of the individuals now before their country, it would ill become me to enter; but sure I am, that every honest juryman, and every true friend of the constitution, will concur with me in the sentiment, *That whatever be the degree of their guilt, if it be of a nature which does not clearly come under the description of high treason, by the statute of EDWARD III. infinitely better were it that they should be acquitted, than that the British constitution should suffer violation in order to bring them to punishment.*’ P. 50.

P O E T I C A L.

A Poetical Epistle addressed to Miss Wollstonecraft. Occasioned by reading her celebrated Essay on the Rights of Woman, and her Historical and Moral View of the French Revolution. By John Henry Colles. 4to. 1s. 6d. Verner and Hood. 1795.

Very poor indeed! The author, after praising Miss Wollstonecraft (excepting however from his eulogium her political opinions), tells us that he is very angry with another woman of genius, Miss Seward, for refusing to see him when he waited upon her, though he had an introductory letter from Mr. Jerningham. This is a terrible offence indeed; but what Miss Wollstonecraft or the public have to do with it, the author must say, for we cannot.

Odes on Peace and War. Written by many eminent and distinguished Persons. 8vo. 3s. sewed. Debrett. 1795.

We are told in a Preface, remarkable for a happy obscurity of style, that these Odes ‘ were the academic exercises in 1748 and 1763, of those, who are much in regard among us for social considerations of active virtue, and of useful knowledge; of the gay, too, and the shewy, as well as the witty and the wise.’ In reading these *Odes*, this learned preface-writer says, ‘ foresight may be not unusefully occupied. If, in any future emergence, they should be, among any motives lucky enough to lead, from the evils of guilt and suffering, to the opposite objects—from the flagitious wreck of human blessings, to their virtuous recovery—from hostilities, to *Peace!*’ If we understand this, the author means that some of these Odes may be lucky enough to bring about a peace,—an opinion we cannot possibly entertain, whether we consider the merit of the Odes, or the nature of the war.

With respect to the Odes themselves, the first discovery that is to be made on opening the book, is that—they are *not* Odes; and the editor would probably have made the same discovery if he had consulted the running titles of any edition of Horace. Their merit as poetical

poetical pieces is not of the first class. Those, however, on *Peace* are so much to our liking, that we care not how soon the youthful geniuses of our universities have the same subject prescribed.

Ode to the Benevolence of England, addressed to Aliens and Natives.
4to. 1s. Cullen. 1795.

The writer of this little Ode has delineated his country in the fairest attitude, and given her the most appropriate praise, when he celebrates the liberality shown to the emigrants of all nations that have thronged to her protecting shores.

‘ Behold th’ immeasurable train of care,
Exil’d, like thee, to our Britannia come !

She their sure refuge in the last despair,

The child of sorrow’s universal home.

Her peasants with her princes vie

Who shall softest balms supply :

These their palaces bestow,

And scepter’d grief forgets its woe,

Those uplift the lowly latch,

And beckon sorrow to their thatch.

Friend to the wretched ! Albion’s equal eye

Warms, like the sun, all human misery.’ p. 9.

But when he makes this a reason for supporting the war, as if this nation were too benevolent to do any wrong, we own we cannot go along with him in his argument. He says indeed—

‘ Nor ye, her patriots, doubt Britannia’s care ;

Nor think she will, with fatal rashness, dare

To waste the treasure of her children’s blood.’ p. 13.

Thoughts are free, as the proverb says : there certainly are those who will presume to think it, whatever they may say. The measure of this Ode is too much neglected : it loiters into prose.

RELIGIOUS.

The Gracious Errand of Christ ; or, the Christian Religion unspeakably beneficial to Men ; wisely adapted, and ultimately designed, to be an universal Blessing to the World : a Sermon, delivered at an Association of Ministers, held at Coggeshall, Essex, September 9, 1794, and published, with some Additions, at their Request. By Richard Fry, Teacher of Languages, &c. at Billericay. 8vo. 6d. Johnson. 1795.

The title-page informs us of a truth, which ought to be deeply impressed on the hearts of Christians : and the perusal of this sermon is not likely to convince those who are sceptical, nor enlarge the apprehensions of those to whom it is familiar. An association of ministers has sanctioned it with their approbation, which is a proof at least,

least, that they were not at all fatigued by hearing a discourse of considerable length, in which we, who read it coolly in our closets, found little cause either of admiration or disgust.

A Key to the French Revolution; or, an Account of Modern Jesuitism. To which is added, an Essay to reduce the Principles of Unity, Indivisibility, Liberty, Equality, Social Guarantee, and Resistance of Oppression, which Philosophers and French Constitutionalists have usurped, corrupted and misapplied, for the Overthrow of Revealed Religion, to their original Biblical State; so as to render them correspondent with the essential Points of Christianity, the British Constitution, and that real and genuine Liberty, intended by his Majesty's Declaration of the 29th of October, 1793. Together with Chronological Improvements of all the Sacred Numbers contained in the Prophet Daniel and the Revelation of St. John. By Christopher Frederic Triebner, Minister of the German Lutheran Church, in Little St. Helen's. 8vo. 3s. Boards. Rivingtons. 1794.

Our opinion of Mr. Triebner's last work (Crit. Rev. New Arr. March, 1794) was not favourable. The subject was perplexed with mysticism, and the style ungrammatical and confused. In the present publication, he gives us a trimming upon this account, and declares that if we treat this *Key* in the same manner, he will have an invincible doubt whether we are not *one or other* of those 'whom the faint on the bank of the river, Dan. ch. xii. v. 5—10, has so remarkably described, saying the '*the wicked shall not understand, but they that are wise shall understand.*' In whatever way Mr. T. resolves this doubt, and whether the Critical Review has been foretold in Daniel or St. John, we assure him that he has no unjust censure to expect from us, on account of his principles, or his manner of divulging them. We believe him to be a good man and a good Christian; but he leaves us far behind him in the explanation of prophecy. That he may have, however, a chance to draw the attention of men more gifted in mysteries, we shall state to our readers the three positions which he endeavours to establish.

The first, says he, is, 'That the present professional constitution of the French is either usurped or degenerated truth, which I shall do by a parallelism drawn between that constitution and that revealed by God in the Bible.'

'2d. That the practical system of the national convention is not a new one, but invented and practised by the old serpent, since the fall of devils and men, by the Antediluvians, Nimrodians, Greeks, Romans, Popes, and Jesuits: and that it has been foretold by the spirit of prophecy.'

'3d. That neither the use of arms alone, nor deistical and philosophical writings; but the truth of God, supported by the authority and exertions of men, interested for truth only, may effect a happy change of things.' p. 43.

The

The Sinner encouraged to Repentance; a Sermon, preached at the Opening of the Chapel of the New House of Correction, for the County of Middlesex, on Sunday, Sept. 28, 1794, before the Chairman of the Sessions, and a Committee of Magistrates; and published at their Request. With a prefatory Address to Magistrates in general, and to the Magistracy of the County of Middlesex in particular. By Samuel Glasse, D. D. F. R. S. Chaplain in Ordinary to his Majesty, and one of his Majesty's Justices of the Peace for the said County. 8vo. 1s. Rivingtons. 1794.

In the prefatory Address are some judicious remarks on the state of offenders in a house of correction, their situation when released from it, and the necessity of constant inspection on the part of the magistrates. The duty of the latter we conceive to be of the utmost importance, since (to follow up the metaphor of the preacher in his sermon), unless there are persons to pour oil on the wounds of the diseased in body, of what use is the building to receive them? and unless much more attention is paid to those whose minds are tainted, a house designed for penitence and reformation may produce the contrary effects, may harden the sinner in his first course, and turn him out into society prepared for sevenfold greater mischief. It is to be lamented that so little attention is paid to the morals of the lower classes by way of rendering houses of this sort useless; but, as long as society is conducted on the present plan, these houses may perhaps be necessary, and every magistrate should consider himself as standing responsible to his country, that no abuses should take place in an institution immediately under his inspection. The sermon is addressed more particularly to the inhabitants of 'the cheerless mansion,' from the text, 'I was in prison and ye visited me,' in which the distinction is not sufficiently drawn between the persons confined with or without guilt in a prison. A remark too might well have been spared by the preacher, who desiring the 'prisoners' to consider his officiating as the effect of sincere compassion towards them in their present unhappy situation, observes, that 'the same office would have been faithfully and affectionately performed by their proper minister, if we (the preacher, and Dr. Gabriel who read prayers) had not appeared in his stead; of whom it is no more than an act of justice to observe, that he has adorned his humble but important station for many years with virtues, which would have done credit to an exalted one.' The pulpit is not the place for compliments, nor do we see the propriety of one Christian minister calling the important office of his brother an humble one. Throughout the discourse indeed, we see the justice of the peace instead of the evangelical preacher, and are afraid that the language was much too refined for the majority of his hearers.

A Sermon preached on Sunday, Feb. 23, 1794. By Jeremiah Joyce, twenty-three Weeks a close Prisoner in the Tower of London. To which is added an Appendix, containing an Account of the Author's Arrest for Treasonable Practices; his Examination before his Majesty's most honourable Privy Council; his Commitment to the Tower, and subsequent Treatment. 8vo. 1s. 6d. Symonds. 1794.

An Account of Mr. Joyce's Arrest, &c. Together with Remarks on the Speeches of Mr. Wyndham, &c. 8vo. 9d. Symonds. 1795.

The sermon prefixed to the former of these pamphlets is a well-written inquiry into the title which Christ has to the claim of inspiration from the prophecies which he delivered; but its connection with the chief business of the pamphlet appears to us to be rather forced. The Appendix contains a very minute account of the treatment Mr. Joyce met with from the day of his arrest: and although some may think he falls occasionally into egotism, such memorials ought not to be considered as interesting to one individual only. The public at large, we hope, will reap benefit from every additional information tending to unfold a plot which had for its object the persecution of innocence, and the coercion of sentiment.

In the latter pamphlet he animadverts, with becoming indignation, on the absurd, yet wicked epithet of 'acquitted felon,' bestowed upon him and his associates by Mr. Wyndham.

N O V E L S.

Tales of Instruction and Amusement. Written for the Use of Young Persons. By Miss Mitchell. 2 Vols. 12mo. 6s. Boards. Newbery. 1795.

When we perceive talents, which are evidently qualified to shine in the higher walks of literature, devoted to the more humble task of pouring instruction on the mind of youth, it would be unjust to withhold the tribute of applause. The lessons of disinterested benevolence, fortitude, humility, and prudence, contained in these 'Tales of Instruction,'—though, from their appropriate simplicity of diction, peculiarly well adapted to the tender minds of the young,—may be studied with advantage by those who have attained a more advanced period of life. We select the following as an example, not because it is the best, but for the sake of its being one of the shortest.

‘Particular business obliged the tutor of Edgar and Florentine to leave them for a few days: but as he wished them to be profitably employed during his absence, he left each a portion of Ovid's Metamorphoses to learn, and told them he hoped at his return he should find they had not spent their time in idleness. The two boys made the fairest promises, and assured Mr. Fraiser he should have no cause to be dissatisfied with them.

‘As soon as they were left to themselves, Edgar proposed a

walk; to which Florentine consented, saying, "It is impossible to study to-day: let us enjoy our liberty, and to-morrow we will rise early, and make amends for lost time." They accordingly set out, and fauntered till dinner time; the rest of the day they were rowing about their father's pond; too much occupied to think of study. They went to bed, however, with the resolution of rising early; and accordingly desired George, their father's man, to call them. But when he came the next morning they were both so sleepy, that they forgot their tasks, and the clock struck nine whilst they were dressing. During their breakfast a poor blind fiddler came to the window, and begged charity. "Dear!" said Edgar, "how I should admire a dance! Juliana, would you like it?" Juliana said "yes," and accordingly they made a party, and began dancing. After this exercise, which they continued some time, they went into the summer-house to rest themselves, and their attention was wholly occupied by some young birds, which Edgar had taken from the nest, and was endeavouring to rear. In the afternoon they attended their sisters on a visit to one of their little neighbours, and thus was the second day passed. "Well," said Edgar, when he went to bed, "I am determined to study to-morrow, so I will put my book under my pillow."

"Florentine agreed to do the same, "for," said he, "Mr. Frasier will certainly be very angry if he finds we have not obeyed him. 'Tis very unlucky that just at this time we should have so much business. To-morrow I must mend my kite, or I shall have it quite spoiled."

"And I," cried Edgar, "must go to the shop to buy some marbles. Well! if we cannot study to-morrow, we must the next day, that is all. When once we set about it, we shall soon accomplish it."

The next day, however, and the next they found sufficient to divert them from study: for the idle will always have some pretext for their folly, and go on deferring what they ought to do, till the time is past which they can call their own. A week had their tutor been absent, when, one evening as they were playing before the house, they saw him coming at a little distance; this reminded them of their tasks, and instead of stopping to welcome him home, they ran to seek their books; but they were mislaid, and after running into several rooms, and inquiring of every servant, they could nowhere find them. They then searched the summer-house—but all in vain. They hurried back again to the house, and left Mr. Frasier should see them, they went through the kitchen. Upstairs they crept to their father's study; tossed the things about, and threw the books some this way, and others that—but to little purpose. They were then proceeding to look elsewhere, when Edgar cried, "Brother, a thought has this moment entered my head. Let us get our hats, and creep out softly; we will walk till supper, and our tutor will

not

not know but we were out when he returned. It will then be so late he will not ask about our tasks to-night, and to-morrow we can get them before he rises."

"What, without the books?" cried Florentine.

"Oh! we shall find them, never fear :" said his brother.

They then immediately hastened through the garden, creeping close to the trees and bushes, lest any one should see them ; and then went into those paths they thought least frequented. As their only wish was to escape observation, they hastened along, regardless whither, till the dusky tints of evening began to appear. These warned them to return, but still fearful they should be home too soon, they loitered along, and having, without knowing it, taken a wrong turn, every step was carrying them farther from their house. It was now nearly dark, when, very much terrified, they perceived their mistake. "Oh! what shall we do :" said Florentine. "What will become of us ?"

"I am sure I know not," replied Edgar. "But let us return this way." They then took hold of each other's hand, and went a little farther, but presently both tumbled over some brambles. They got up, though very much scratched and hurt, and began to cry and lament the folly which had caused their troubles.

"Oh," said Edgar, "that we had but learned our tasks! then we should have been happy at home with papa and mama." The cold evening air pinched them very much, and they were exceedingly hungry. Presently they saw, at a little distance, a light; this revived their hopes, and they endeavoured to go towards it, as they supposed it proceeded from some cottage. They were, however, mistaken, and after getting several falls over the bushes, were obliged to relinquish their attempt, for it was only a vapour which arose from the neighbouring fens. Tired, half famished with hunger, and shaking with cold, they were at length obliged to sit down under some bushes. They wept some time, but growing sleepy, they clasped their arms round each other's neck, and cried themselves to repose.

In the mean time, their parents, astonished at their not returning, sent servants every way in search of them. Mr. Frasier, too, walked out, in the hope of finding them, but was obliged to return unsuccessful to Mr. and Mrs. Wyatt, whose feelings upon the occasion were agonizing beyond description. All night they sat up, listening to every sound they heard, in hopes it might be their returning children. At length Mr. Wyatt, unable to bear the torture of suspense, joined the search, but with as little success as those he had before sent.

With the first dawn of morning Edgar and Florentine awoke, and getting up looked around them. But what was their astonishment, when they found themselves in the middle of a large common, which they knew was nearly three miles from their father's

house. Instantly recollecting the occurrences of the preceding evening, they determined to hasten home, where they arrived about seven o'clock. The moment they entered the hall, their parents flew to meet them, and for some minutes gave way to the joy they felt, at again clasping their children in their arms. They then entered the parlour, and Mr. Wyatt asked the cause of their staying out all night? The crimson glow of shame suffused their countenances, and after a few moments pause, they threw themselves at their father's feet, and confessed the whole affair. Mr. Wyatt bid them rise, but said nothing more till after breakfast, when taking them into his study, he addressed them in the following manner: " Though I highly condemn your idleness, which has brought upon you so much uneasiness, I decline all farther punishment, because I think you have already suffered very severely. Yet I cannot omit the opportunity of giving you some advice, which may deter you from similar faults in future. You say you did not intend wholly to neglect your tasks, you only deferred studying them till another day; which is merely saying you had not resolution to do what you knew was your duty. You were unwilling to bestow the necessary attention which was required, though you felt yourselves culpable in not obeying your tutor's commands; you therefore tried to rest satisfied with the poor evasion of deferring till to-morrow what ought to have been accomplished to-day. But the morrow came, and your intention was again deferred, till you found that every day, as it increased your difficulties, increased also your idleness and irresolution. Thus what might at first have been performed with ease, you suffered, by neglect, to become the greatest difficulty. To avoid detection, you had then recourse to the meanness of deceit; the inconveniences that deceit has brought upon you, are too recent to need particularizing. Let me, however, notice some consequences of your fault, which seemed to have escaped your observation: namely, the displeasure of that Being whom by your misconduct you have offended, and the agonizing sensations you last night occasioned your mother and myself. Ignorant of what might have befallen you, we have passed the tedious hours in all the horrors of dread and suspense. How you intend to expiate your fault I know not; but the only atonement which can be acceptable to Heaven, and pleasing to us, is, to avoid a similar conduct in future. And be assured that unless you resolve, and keep firm to your resolution, to overcome the habitual indolence you have some time indulged, there is no saying to what evils you may not be precipitated; for indolence, and want of resolution, are the sources of half the miseries of life. The former will expose its votaries to all the distresses of poverty; the latter plunge them in every species of vice." Vol. i. p. 95.

Duncan and Peggy: a Scottish Tale. By Elizabeth Helme, Author of *Louisa; or, the Cottage on the Moor, &c. &c. &c.* 2 Vols. 12mo. 7s. sewed. Bell. 1794.

An artless tale, written with simplicity, which may prove an agreeable amusement as a relaxation from graver studies.

Susanna; or, Traits of a Modern Miss; a Novel. 4 Vols. 12mo. 12s. sewed. Lane. 1795.

All ages have had their prevailing follies: a passion for expensive dissipation, and a rage for every caprice sanctioned by the authority of fashion, are perhaps more striking features of the present, than the affectation of sentiment. Affectation, of every kind, is undoubtedly ridiculous, and the taste and morals of youth have, not unfrequently, been vitiated by the inflated sentiments and improper tendency of many modern novels: yet, in the opinion of some acute judges, 'more grand moral truths have been promulgated by novel-writers, than by any other class of men.' However this may be, there is certainly some truth in an observation of Rousseau's—That when the romantic maxims of former ages began to appear ridiculous, the revolution was not so much owing to reason, as to a corruption of manners. Could we rob the youthful mind of its gay mistakes, and substitute, for the ardour of warm feelings and the glowing illusions of fancy, a correct knowledge of 'things as they are'—we might rather, perhaps, retard than accelerate that reformation, the probability of which philosophy, in the present day, has endeavoured, not unsuccessfully, to demonstrate. The writer of *Traits of a Modern Miss* seems to have had in view Mrs. Lennox's celebrated Female Quixote: but the characters of Susanna and Mrs. Lennox's Arabella are by no means equally interesting: the mistakes of the latter are the errors of genius,—and superior minds will ultimately correct themselves. But the weak, versatile Susanna is characterised as a ridiculous compound of affectation and vanity: her frailties have not even the excuse of sensibility, nor her follies the charm of vivacity. Those who love ridicule may be entertained with this work, which is written with humour.—It may also be read with advantage by any modern miss, who may be exposed, by habits of indolence, an uncultivated mind, or negligent guardians, to the temptation of committing similar absurdities.

Castle Zittaw. A German Tale. By C. R. 3 Vols. 12mo. 9s. sewed. Lane. 1794.

Pope's satire on women might perhaps with more propriety be applied to the generality of modern novels—that they 'have no character at all—

' Matter too soft a lasting mark to bear!'

C. R. N. ARR. (XIV.) May, 1795.

I

However

However entertaining it may prove to the fair subscribers to circulating libraries, to follow, through three, four, and sometimes five insipid volumes, a tender tale in which the ladies are all beautiful, virtuous, and gentle, like our present race of young ladies,—the lovers noble, brave, faithful, and devoted—very unlike our present race of young gentlemen,—to grave reviewers, who have been accustomed to regard mankind with a philosophic eye, the task is by no means equally delectable.—We would admonish our young female readers not to expect, as the reward of their virtues, those critical and extraordinary coincidences which, against all the laws of probability and calculations of chances, invariably remove every obstacle that opposes the wishes of their favourite heroines: for though virtue is in some degree always attended by ‘her chaste and fair attendant, pleasure,’ she often leads through rugged paths, and must be cherished for her own sake: the pleasure she confers is altogether internal, and consists in a self-acquitting conscience,—which, however it may meliorate, will by no means shield from the casualties, the vexatious cares and disappointments of life.

M E D I C A L and P H I L O S O P H I C A L.

An Account of a new and successful Method of treating those Affections which arise from the Poison of Lead; to which are added, general Observations on the internal Use of Lead as a Medicine.
By Henry Clutterbuck, Member of the Corporation of Surgeons, and Surgeon to the Royal Universal Dispensary. 8vo. 2s. Boosey.
 1794.

Lead is undoubtedly *one* cause of the colica Pictonum, and of its frequent attendant, palsy of the hands. But that it is the sole exclusive cause, few rational inquirers will admit. Mr. Clutterbuck sees, however, in this mineral the fomes both of the colic and palsy, and is profuse in his compliments to sir George Baker for the discovery. The whole, however, of his theoretical and preliminary observations is trite and objectionable. The remedy is of more consequence; and, if mercury be so useful, as he contends, in this disease, his work will be more truly valuable than if the whole of his pathology had been correct, polished, and accurately discriminated. Calomel, he observes, is the most useful purgative, and mercury, used either internally or by friction, the most salutary stimulus. These observations deserve much attention, and there is great reason to think that mercury may be highly useful both in the early and advanced stages of the disease.

The observations on the internal use of lead consist chiefly of extracts from authors respecting its utility and its dangerous effects as a medicine. Mr. Clutterbuck observes that no inconvenience arises from the dispensary pill, which contains half a grain of sugar

of lead in each dose. We can tell him that he would never find any danger, and seldom any inconvenience, did it contain ten times that quantity.

Oratio Anniversaria in Theatro Collegii Regalis Medicorum Londonensis, ex Harveii Instituto, habita a Joanne Latham, M. D. Socio: Die Octobris Decimo Octavo, Feste Sancti Lucæ Evangelistæ, A. D. MDCCXCIV. 8vo. 2s. Boards. Longman.

1795.

To deliver the Harveian Oration is a work of necessity,—to publish it, of choice; and this attempt deserved not, for its matter or its language, to have stepped beyond the theatre, or been heard of, after the festival of the evangelist on which it was pronounced. Praises are profusely and somewhat injudiciously scattered; and the exclamations respecting the prosperity and happiness of this kingdom were neither correct at the period, nor prophetic of that which has since elapsed.

Instructions for collecting and preserving various Subjects of Natural History; as Animals, Birds, Reptiles, Shells, Corals, Plants, &c. Together with a Treatise on the Management of Insects in their several States; selected from the best Authorities. By E. Donovan, Author of the Natural Histories of British Birds, and Insects. 8vo. 4s. sewed. Rivingtons. 1794.

We have not met with instructions more judicious and satisfactory. The young natural historian will feel, in his progress, great obligations to the hints of Mr. Donovan.

A Treatise on the Errors and Defects of Medical Education: in which are contained Observations on the Means of correcting them. By Thomas Withers, M. D. M. M. S. L. Physician to the York County Hospital and Public Dispensary. 8vo. 2s. Dilly, 1794.

The hackneyed tale, though well told, of what a physician should be. But, while the world has resolved to take medical knowledge on trust, Slingsby and Vestris may teach the student to make a bow, and lord Chesterfield's Letters qualify the fine simpering gentleman for the practice—of the world.—Thus equipped, his success is certain. Dr. Withers has studied in the school of Dr. Gregory, and follows, in the treatise before us, his steps, with little addition, and no improvements.

EAST INDIA AFFAIRS.

A Sketch of the Debate at the India House, on the 9th of October, 1794, on Mr. Lushington's Motion to raise and clothe three Fencible Regiments, &c. By William Woodfall. 4to. 1s. 6d. Debrett.

The Adjourned Debate, Oct. 23, 1794, on the same Question. By W. Woodfall. 4to. 2s. Debrett, 1794.

This is undoubtedly one of the most interesting debates that ever was entered upon by any public body, as it involves topics of the utmost importance to our national independence. We shall therefore enlarge our extracts beyond our usual limits on such occasions.

Mr. Lushington's introductory speech is tolerably sensible; and, in all respects, unlike the ministerial petulance, juggling, and mystery, displayed in another public assembly.

When, however, he observes, p. 11, that in the feudal times of Edward III. and Henry V. the 'national mass of England was exerted against that of France,' and was triumphant, he betrays a deplorable want of historical knowledge. The whole feudal army of England, when raised by Edward II. against Scotland, did not exceed one hundred thousand men; while the national mass, which nothing but a despair and an enthusiasm equal to that of France could raise, might amount to one million. Many causes contributed to the smallness of the feudal armies, so well known to every reader of history. But leaving this, as too prolix for our purpose, we shall barely observe the fact, that, from all accounts, there is no reason to suppose that any army led by an English monarch into France exceeded *thirty thousand* effective men. Two of our great victories there were the mere fruits of despair on one side and presumption on the other. And the whole of our temporary success in France was owing to the circumstances of the times, to the weakness of one French monarch, to the madness of another,—to the confined boundaries of the royal power while Bretagne, Burgundy, &c. were independent principalities,—nay to the very assistance of Burgundy in the time of Henry V. and VI. which was so important, that, as soon as the duke deserted our cause, it failed. To compare our triumphs in ancient France with the efforts of the present day, is therefore not only absurd in itself, but may lead to the most fatal delusion.

Mr. Henchman said, approving as he did most heartily, every effort that could be made to overthrow that horrid system of anarchy, confusion, and devastation, which was extending itself upon the continent of Europe, and which threatened to destroy the constitution and happiness of this kingdom, he felt great pleasure in giving his voice in favour of the address before them; an address expressive, he believed, of the sentiments of a very great majority of this nation: and he hoped that the example, which the company were

were about to set, would be followed by many, if not by all the corporate and commercial bodies in the kingdom. His honourable friend had stated, that this was a war against property, and if so, how, he would ask, ought it to be resisted? not by burdensome taxes, affecting the poor, as well as the rich; not by additional excise, still increasing the price of the most common necessaries of life; no; in his opinion, Mr. Henchman said, the force and power of property ought to resist the attack upon property: and such being the case, who could be so proper, as the first trading company in the world, to take the lead upon such an occasion?' p. 16.

Mr. Henchman proceeds to observe (p. 17), that, 'when the most serious day of trial comes, and we know not how soon it may, property will not be effectually defended by those who have none.'

'Sir Francis Baring said, it had been far from his intention to impeach the company's solidity; he had merely risen to suggest that there were two difficulties in the way of the proposition, which had that day been recommended, and which seemed to meet with the concurrence of every gentleman who had spoken on the subject, viz. the by-law that had been referred to, and the conditions of their charter under the act of parliament respecting the appropriation of the surplus for the use of the public. He well knew that the emptiness of the company's coffers was owing to the exigencies of the war, and to the other circumstances stated by the hon. director.' p. 22.

Serjeant Watson, who acts a remarkable part in the various India debates, and is in truth a petty quibbling orator, worthy of the greatest ministerial patronage, makes a speech in his usual manner, full of violence and chicane. He observes that the enemy is at the gate, and our constitution, (daily violated by power and corruption), our religion, ('do unto others even as you would have them do unto you;') it is as easy for a cable to pass the eye of a needle, as for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven;) our laws (open, like the London Tavern, for all who can afford to pay the reckoning,) our liberty, (the suspension of the habeas corpus act,) are all at stake. We lament the greatness of the stake, and have never ceased to blame those who risked it, the wager being very unequal. This petulant orator proceeds to obviate a remark of Mr. Lushington's, that this country was the *Carthago est delenda* of France, by flyly observing that 'Hannibal was actually at the gate, and the danger at our door.' We know not which comparison to prefer; for the first leads to despair; and the second is a 'simile unlike.'

Mr. Le Mesurier (then mayor) said, he 'had good reason to apprehend that the number of disaffected persons in the kingdom was greater than had been generally imagined;' and he adds, that the India company should set an example to the country, as their wealth would be one of the first objects of invasion or insurrection. The question

question was adjourned, owing to a want of form in the previous notice.

At the adjourned debate, on the 23d of October, Mr. Collins began with reading a written remonstrance against the measure proposed. Mr. Lushington supports it with some ability.

‘ It has been insinuated, I have heard, Mr. Chairman, that I have been actuated by private considerations in the business submitted to you this day, but I gave no credit to the rumour, until the words of the honourable gentleman, who opened the debate, proved that such opinions did exist. I confess, sir, that the measure proposed originated from private feelings, and in a principle of self-regard, and it is my ardent wish and the exclusive object of my present exertion, that the honourable gentleman and every other man of property in the country should feel and act upon the same principle.’ ^{P, 5.}

His topics often occur in the late parliamentary debates, particularly that the only way to a speedy peace is a vigorous prosecution of the war. We must observe, 1. The present war is confessedly unlike all preceding; yet the argument has been used in all former wars; hence it cannot apply. 2. The argument is a mere dilemma of sophistry; for we declare our sole objection to peace is the existence of the present government of France; yet we absurdly and inconsequently declare our intention never to intermeddle with her internal government; hence it is clear, to the meanest capacity, that we make war merely for the sake of making war, and not on the stale pretence of attaining peace. *Quos Deus vult perdere, prius dementat.*

‘ Sir Francis Baring (who had at the last court, declared he should state his sentiments on the measure, when it came again under consideration) said, he by no means objected to addressing his majesty, declaring their loyalty to the sovereign, and their attachment to the constitution, and firm resolution to maintain it, but he could not help expressing his concern that such a motion should have been proposed, as he conceived the East India company ought carefully to avoid interfering in any question, that might be considered as appertaining to party or politics, but more particularly a question which was diametrically opposite to her private interest. It was by peace alone, that she could prosper, or even fulfil her current engagements. War must always be injurious, and might prove ruinous and destructive. At the last court, doubts had been entertained whether the company were not restrained from carrying the measure into effect; at which court, he had taken the liberty of suggesting some observations, but he never for a moment imagined, either that so respectable a body as that court, or any description of persons in the country, could seriously and soberly agree to decide and vote a measure, that was clearly illegal. On that point, however, every person must now be satisfied, from the opinions of two gentlemen high in the profession of the law, which they had heard read;

read; and indeed no man, with a legal understanding, could have thought differently on the subject for a moment; he therefore recommended to the serious consideration of the court, whether it would be wise even to manifest a disposition contrary to law, and hostile to their own interest? Those gentlemen who were so decided in their opinions at the last court, who would not listen to the legal obstacles which were suggested, and who pressed for an immediate vote, had now recourse to expedients, and thought they might shelter themselves under the idea, that the men are to be raised *eventually* for the service of the company in India; but the veil was too flimsy, and too thin, not to be seen through. The *surplus* arising from the whole of the company's affairs in India, and at home, is directed by the act for the renewal of the charter, to be applied towards a dividend to the proprietors; towards the discharge of their debts; and when those objects should have been accomplished, then to pay 500,000l. to the public. But in consequence of the war, the goods have sold for less, whilst their expences are considerably more; that instead of a *surplus*, after providing for those objects, which are distinctly mentioned in the act, there will not this year be sufficient to pay any part of the 500,000l. which the public have a right to expect, of course no fund can exist, from whence the company can defray the expence of the regiments now proposed to be voted.' p. 13.

Mr. Serjeant Watson replies; and this singular personage, who appears a heterogeneous being in the court, as usual, defies all sense of propriety and moderation.

Mr. William Adair, in an able speech on the subject, has the following remarks:

' In the observations he had to offer on the present question, the court would naturally expect his real opinion, and he would give it; he should be, as he had been upon every other occasion, actuated by a zeal for the interest of his fellow proprietors. He should endeavour to speak the sentiments of an Englishman, he begged pardon, of a Briton, at heart. He was by profession, indeed, an advocate, but he had never played the advocate there. The conjuncture was, it could not but be admitted, highly arduous and alarming. He perfectly agreed, therefore, that if ever there was a moment in which unanimity was necessary, it was the present. It was a moment in which party animosities should be sacrificed at the altar of public concord; but how was the willing sacrifice to be obtained? By mutual concessions; not by one party's clamouring that the nation was divided, without advancing a single step towards the point of its union. Each should give up something of its differences, for unanimity upon the whole. *The reciprocity should not be all on one side.*' p. 22.

His reply to serjeant Watson, p. 27, is severe, but most just.
' I would

* I would not advise the company to take refuge from an infraction of law, under a puerile conceit; and impose upon them a task, which might excite scruples in the mind of the meanest pettifogger.'

Sir Francis Baring, in his answer to Mr. David Scott, observed, that the objections to the motion lay in a very small compass; being 'a positive act of parliament, (applying the surplus funds to the public revenue,) and an empty purse.'

Mr. Jackson also spoke strongly against the motion, and the ministry; and quoted Mr. Burke's expression, 'other violations may injure the constitution; but the repeal of the habeas corpus act actually dissolves the community.'

The discussion ended in nothing, but a proposal of reference to a general court of proprietors. But never were the absurdities of a violent ruling faction so completely developed, and so shamefully foiled.

M I S C E L L A N E O U S.

The Lounger's Common-Place Book, or, Alphabetical Arrangement of Miscellaneous Anecdotes; a Biographic, Political, Literary, and Satirical Compilation, in Prose and Verse. Vol. III. 8vo. 5s. 6d. Boards. Kerby. 1794.

This third volume, like the two former, is distributed alphabetically. The author is still lively and sensible,—still eager, and somewhat democratical. It is, however, an interesting little farrago, which we laid down unwillingly.

Plain and useful Instructions to Farmers; or, an improved Method of Management of Arable Land; with some Hints upon Drainage, Fences, and the Improvement of Turnpike and Cross Roads. Addressed to Country Gentlemen and Farmers in general. By Joseph Hodskinson. 8vo. 1s. Rivingtons. 1794.

These Instructions it is difficult to abridge: they consist in alternating the crops, so as to prevent two successive crops of corn, and in following the dressing by crops that destroy weeds. The hints on drainage, fences, and roads, are the suggestions of a man of practical knowledge, with a sound judgment.

